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CONTENTS.

LEADING ARTICLES—

Chronicle	501
The First Week of the Fight	504
Mr. Buchanan's Moralities	505
The German Reichstag.....	506
Mr. Mell and Mr. Mellor.....	507
Wednesday's Ceremony	508
Disestablishment by Deputy	509
War to the Knife	509

MISCELLANEOUS—

The Opening of the Imperial In-	
stitute	510
The New Gallery	510
Sport of Old in <i>Maga</i>	511
Money Matters	513
The Royal Academy—II.	514
The Royal Society Conversazione .	515
Theatres	515

REVIEWS—

Poems by Two Brothers	516
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Novels	517
In an Ocean Garden.....	519
The Australians	520
Scotland before 1700	521
Lord de Tabley's Poems	521
Yorkshire Leaders.....	523
New Prints	523
Pawnee and Blackfoot Tales	523
French Literature.....	524
New Books and Reprints.....	525
ADVERTISEMENTS.....	526-532

CHRONICLE.

The Queen.

HER MAJESTY has been very visible in London during the early days of this week, holding an unusually well attended Drawing Room on Tuesday, driving about the streets on that day, and on Wednesday opening the Imperial Institute (of which function we write fully elsewhere) with much pomp and a great "assistance," not including her present PRIME MINISTER.

In Parliament. On Friday week the Upper House was chiefly busy with an Irish Sunday Closing Bill, intended to render permanent a measure which, for some fifteen years, has been annual. It was supported by the Government (but how about Home Rule?), and read a second time. Some very significant conversation opened the proceedings in the Commons. Mr. GLADSTONE announced the extraordinary intention of postponing the financial clauses of the Home Rule Bill to the others, adding that "at present he had no proposal to make as to these clauses." It was said outside that the Demi-Member scheme is to be dropped, and the only possible solatium for Home Rule—the getting rid of the Irish members—removed. At Mr. BALFOUR's invitation the SPEAKER then successively slew all the innocent Instructions to the Committee, except one very little brat of Mr. BOWLES's. The Employers' Liability Bill was, despite strong protests from the Opposition leaders, referred to the Standing Committee on Law; and Supply receiving attention, it was announced that the QUEEN had thrown Hampton Court Park open to the public. In discussing this subject, ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS PETRIBURGENSIS broke even his record by ejaculating "Who's he?" when the name of Baron VON PAWEL-RAMMINGEN was mentioned. It is probable that Mr. MORTON has also never heard of HEGEL, so that he may unjustly credit us with more originality than we can claim if we inform him that ignorance of the relations of the Royal Family does not necessarily constitute either a patriot or a politician. The evening was devoted to making an honest man of the LORD CHANCELLOR, by passing a resolution of the House of Commons authorizing bench-packing in the counties. A worse evening's work has rarely been done, and it is perhaps the worst part of it that the suspected, if not known, intention is to discredit the unpaid magistracy altogether. Certainly no better way of doing this could be found.

On Monday the House of Lords did some small business, but the entire Parliamentary interest of the day was concentrated on the opening of Committee on the Home Rule Bill in the Commons. This did not happen till the Sheriffs of London had presented a petition against the Bill, till Mr. GLADSTONE had given (or not given) some information to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on Clause 9, and till the SPEAKER had sent the last batch of Instructions to join their little brethren. Over this we observe Gladstonians chuckle—somewhat prematurely. For many, if not most, of these proposals have simply been ruled out as within the power of the Committee to deal with uninstructed, and so each ruling out of the SPEAKER ties Mr. MELLOR's hands in the way of curtailing the amendment-list. We do not speak invidiously when we say that Mr. MELLOR's conduct on this eventful night did not make this tying any the less welcome. The fight began on a motion of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's for the postponement of Clause 1 and the others up to the aforesaid Clause 9, the crucial provision about the Irish members. This was opposed by Mr. GLADSTONE, and defeated by a majority of 57, the highest touched by the Government during the night. A much fiercer fight took place on Mr. DARLING's amendment, substituting an enacting clause for a mere preambulating declaration, in the matter of the supremacy of Parliament. This was very warmly discussed, reiterated demands being made by the Opposition for a pronouncement on the legal part of the matter by the SOLICITOR-GENERAL. Mr. COURTNEY was particularly urgent in the demand; and, as Mr. COURTNEY is deservedly respected by Gladstonians, the House was pleased to see Mr. MORLEY rise. He rose—to move the Closure, which was actually acceded to by the Chairman, and debate was thus stifled on a question than which, perhaps, no Parliament has ever had one of more importance before it. This outrageous proceeding only excited the Opposition to more strenuous resistance than ever, and nothing more was done during the night in the way of business, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN (who had a brush with Mr. BYLES, of Bradford, the conduct of which did not reflect much credit on Mr. MELLOR), and Mr. BALFOUR denouncing the conduct of the Government in unsparing terms. After an hour and a half of the stormiest wrangling, twelve o'clock brought peace.

As nearly always happens in the House of Commons (which is in this respect like or unlike Mrs. QUICKLY,

that "any [intelligent] man knows where to have it") the storms of Monday were followed by comparative calm on Tuesday. Not that there was any relaxation in the absolute refusal of the Government to argue, of the Anti-Parnellites to use their voices for any other purpose than unmannerly interruption, or of the Opposition to oppose staunchly and steadily. Indeed, Mr. HEALY contributed an observation as typical and valuable as Mr. REID's the night before, to the effect that he was "not such a fool as to speak," though apparently he was fool enough to interject and interrupt. But, save for a little breeze between Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BARTLEY (which ended in a touching exchange of compliments), things were remarkably placid. Some amendments being ruled out, Mr. BARTLEY's, to insert "subordinate to Parliament" in reference to the Irish Legislature, was discussed and rejected by thirty-five only. Mr. REDMOND (for the Parnellites appear less diffident in their power to speak without making fools of themselves than that modest flower, Mr. HEALY) then moved to substitute "Parliament" for "Legislature." But Mr. GLADSTONE, tremblingly alive to Irish susceptibilities when they play his game, can be blandly deaf to them when they do not, and, as the Opposition clearly had no reasons for supporting the motion, it was rejected by 426—about the number, probably, by which, if members had to vote in the Palace of Truth on the question whether they believed Home Rule to be mischievous or not, the Ayes would have it. Progress was reported while Mr. RUSSELL's motion against a Second Chamber was being discussed, after Mr. LABOUCHERE, who had a similar amendment down, had announced his exquisite reasons for voting against this, and Mr. BARTON had spoken earnestly on the merits.

Wednesday's sitting in the Commons was not uninteresting. Mr. DAVITT's acceptance of the Chiltern Hundreds rather than pay his election petition debts was mentioned. Mr. GLADSTONE moving in a rather invertebrate manner for the usual Ascension Day postponement of Committees, it was carried against a foolish and crotchety opposition by Mr. T. W. RUSSELL, and one on the highest grounds by Mr. LABOUCHERE. Then the debate was resumed. It was lightened only by two traits of humour, but those were good. Colonel SAUNDERSON gave benignant permission to Mr. HEALY to interrupt lest the unnatural restraint he was putting on himself in not speaking should cause him to burst; and Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR, glossing on Mr. BRYCE's threat that Tory votes against a Second Chamber "would be remembered," observed, "I suppose that is the polite phrase for being misrepresented." Considering the very unpleasant predicament in which Mr. BRYCE now stands, both in regard to the Southport bench and as to his inability to support his charges against magistrates generally, the stroke was neat. In the more serious part of the debate Mr. GLADSTONE spoke with less ill-temper and heat than lately, but with the same obvious and very natural desire to shuffle off and postpone argument on the point in question. Mr. PLUNKET was cogent on the insufficiency of the proposed Second Chamber. Mr. WHITBREAD remonstrated in his best elephantine great-grandfatherly manner on the avowed determination of the Opposition to "expose the *cui bono*" of the Bill, and was afterwards made to look particularly foolish by Mr. GERALD BALFOUR in a short and excellent speech. Mr. COURTNEY gravely rebuked the inarticulateness (dumbness is hardly the word) of the Anti-Parnellites (it is fair to say that by exception Mr. MCCARTHY had addressed the Committee), and there were some other speeches not unnoteworthy. In the division there was some cross-voting, and the inevitable majority ran up to above fifty.

The House of Lords did not sit on Thursday, but the House of Commons, after its two quiet days, again

became what it is the fashion to call electric. "Scarcely anything was done" (slightly to alter a phrase of Mr. SAMUEL NEWCOMB'S), and another of Mr. MORLEY'S awkward experiments with the Closure merely resulted in the arrival of twelve o'clock during a division; but wrangle succeeded wrangle, the helplessness of Mr. MELLOR was again made painfully apparent, the interruptions and rowdiness of the Anti-Parnellites were more intolerable than ever, and the evening ended with a scene between the solemn Mr. WHITBREAD and Sir JOHN GORST, Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE, it was said, intervening with the elegant and original ejaculation "Shame yourself!" Mr. GLADSTONE, at full length, said that full information had been given—a statement difficult to comment on in Parliamentary language.

Politics out of Parliament. On this day week a great meeting was held in Paddington and addressed both by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL and by Mr. BALFOUR. The latter scandalized the innocent Separatist mind by frankly avowing his intention in Committee to vote for "anything that will improve, and anything that will destroy" the Home Rule Bill. This, of course, ought to be the intention, as it is the duty, of every intelligent and loyal subject of the QUEEN, and is the intention of every Unionist. For this Bill, in words famous in the history of Parliament, is not a beast of chase to be allowed law and license, but vermin, to be exterminated by whatever means and in what way is quickest and most sure.

On Thursday a meeting of the Women's Liberal-Unionist Association was held at Princes' Hall under the presidency of Mr. COURTNEY, unmuzzled from his other Chairmanship, and probably, though not audibly, chuckling over the contrast presented by his successor. It was addressed by Mr. SINCLAIR (fresh from his experience of Mr. GLADSTONE'S courtesy to old followers), by Miss TOD, and others. But the speech of the afternoon was that of the Duke of ARGYLL, who commented on the present position of the Home Rule Bill and the Home Rule question generally with great vigour and remarkable freshness, dwelling more particularly on Mr. GLADSTONE'S ruling out the consideration of consequences as "prophecy," on the glaring contradictions between the proposed scheme and the Constitution of the United States, and (in the most piquant passage) on his own sad experiences of the extreme danger of following Mr. GLADSTONE blindly, under the modest supposition that he knew what he was about and you did not.

Ireland. Nothing is more curious than the way in which the less hypocritical party among Irish Nationalists from time to time disturb Mr. GLADSTONE'S insane proceedings with the danger-signal, "Don't think you will conciliate us." This day week a bomb was exploded in the Four Courts, Dublin, which did a good deal of damage to the building, but hurt no one. These dynamiters are at least honest.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. Last Saturday it was reported that another bank had failed in Melbourne, but only a little one. There was cry in Paris for a tax on foreigners, and the French were represented as having attacked the Siamese on the Mekong. Herr VON BENINGSEN had been the chief speaker in the German Army Bill debate. That excessively various person, Captain VAN KERCKHOVEN, was now said to have fallen, not at Nyangwe (which, indeed, we always thought impossible), nor by accident, but in a Mahdist ambush on his way back with remnants of his expedition from Wadelai. It is really high time that we knew what these possibly brave, but extremely intrusive, Belgians have been doing in these regions. If they bring the Mahdists down on Uganda, they will owe us a heavy reckoning.

The foreign news of Monday morning was more interesting than of late. The German Army Bill had been rejected by a majority of 48, and, as was anticipated, the Reichstag had been instantly dissolved by the EMPEROR. Some details arrived of the recent excesses of the Khan of KHELAT, who, it seems, had acknowledged a weakness for "killing." This disease was palliated for a time by Sir ROBERT SANDEMAN, but the patient has recently relapsed. The French Chamber had passed a severe Alien Bill.

On Tuesday news came that the Norwegian Storthing (Ahem! Home Rule) had carried a vote of censure on the new Ministry. This, it may be observed, had been appointed simply to carry on the KING's Government, which its predecessors had thrown up.

On Wednesday morning there was naturally much in the papers about the German crisis, and something about that in Norway, where the Storthing is giving such an object lesson in Home Rule as might convince even an "item." The threatening remarks addressed at a review to the officers of his Guards by the German EMPEROR in reference to the rejection of the Army Bill have not quite the significance that they would have elsewhere, because of the peculiar relations existing for nearly the last two centuries between the HOHENZOLLERNS and their army. But they will hardly raise the present rather low quotation of the EMPEROR's reputation for practical wisdom. Another and an important Melbourne bank, the Bank of Victoria, had been compelled to close its doors.

On Thursday morning some native Indian disturbances were reported from the usually quiet district of Orissa. Sir CHARLES RUSSELL had opened the British case before the Behring Sea Arbitration Commission; Germany was agog about the EMPEROR's imprudent little speech; the Italian Chamber had received a friendly account of a friendly communication from Great Britain about the increase in the Egyptian army of occupation; the Spanish Budget showed retrenchment, but an imperfect facing of liabilities; and the TRICOUPI Ministry in Greece had resigned, on failing to negotiate the much-talked-of loan.

Yesterday morning a thirty-two hours' sitting in the Spanish Cortes was announced; there had been more French impertinence to the British flag on the Gambia; General DODDS had been well received at Marseilles, and Greece was still Ministerless.

The Lord Mayor. A termination, worthy of the reputation of the Corporation of London for good sense, was put to the "Holy Father and the QUEEN" incident on Tuesday. The culprit's brother Aldermen unanimously passed a mildly-worded but unequivocal resolution regretting the phraseology of the toast, and expressing confidence in his freedom from disloyal intention. The LORD MAYOR kissed the rod, and practically said ditto to both regret and assurance. His further observation that he had acted without the advice or assent of any one was not superfluous; for, if the toast as it stood had been submitted to and approved by Cardinal VAUGHAN, the high opinion of the Cardinal entertained by many of his countrymen who are not his co-religionists would have received an unpleasant shock.

Lord Roberts. Lord ROBERTS arrived in England on Saturday, and was welcomed with an address by the Mayor and Corporation of Dover, which he duly acknowledged. At Victoria he was met by numerous friends, including the Duke of CONNAUGHT.

Convocation. Before rising last week for a time both Houses of Convocation came to very reasonable conclusions on the recently vexed subjects of "Fasting" and "Evening" Communion. Both the history and the churchmanship of the matter were well satisfied by the declaration that the first is desirable, but not obligatory, and the second permissible, but

only for very strong reasons, and as an altogether exceptional thing.

Correspondence. Bangor and Mr. BRYCE were still the theme of letter-writers at the end of last week, and the first named has continued to be the subject of dropping and desultory fire during the greater part of this.

Racing. The result of the One Thousand Guineas, yesterday week, was a surprise and, to all but the bookmakers, a disappointment. Sir J. BLUNDELL MAPLE'S Dame President started a fairly strong favourite, while the same owner's Siffleuse was backed (if at all) at 33 to 1. The race, however, lay entirely between the pair, and was won very well by the despised Siffleuse, who got her head just in front. —The Chester Cup, on Wednesday, was won very well by Dare Devil from Red Eagle and Ragimunde, the last part of the contest being pretty and exciting.

Cricket. There was again very hard hitting at the end of last week in the University matches, Mr. CLAYTON, of Harrow and University, making 230 in the Oxford Freshmen's match. This heavy scoring continued up to the close of the match, which was left unfinished, after Mr. CLAYTON had scored 70 not out in his second innings. Three other players—Mr. G. O. SMITH, Mr. MORDAUNT, and Mr. LEVESON-GOWER—had exceeded the hundred; and nearly 1,500 runs had been made in the match altogether. Mr. LEVESON-GOWER and Mr. MORDAUNT also cut a good figure in the Eleven v. Sixteen match, which began this week; while at Cambridge Mr. JACKSON played excellently against an Eleven of Mr. THORNTON'S. The first Australian match began on Monday against an Eleven of Lord SHEFFIELD'S. The English team began very well, with over sixty a-piece from Dr. GRACE and SHREWSBURY, 56 from GUNN, and 30 from Mr. HEWETT; but the rest tailed off terribly before the bowling of Mr. GIFFEN and an Australian newcomer, Mr. CONINGHAM, and the score, which was 200 for two wickets, was only fifty-eight more for ten. The Australians, however, who began on Monday night by making 40 for one wicket, found themselves all abroad with the bowling of LOCKWOOD, BRIGGS, and ATTEWELL next day, made only 133 in their first innings, and, following on, left but 54 to be got by the Englishmen. Of these, Dr. GRACE and SHREWSBURY next day knocked up 41 between them before they were out, and the rest being easily made by GUNN and READ, the Englishmen won this first match by eight wickets. Other interesting matches on Tuesday were a very level one in which Yorkshire beat M. C. C. by 17, and one of ups and downs in which Surrey, not with its strongest Eleven, pulled a match with Warwickshire completely out of what looked at one time like a very hot fire. At the Universities Mr. FRY played extremely well for Oxford, and Mr. LATHAM for Cambridge. Cambridge next day beat Mr. THORNTON'S team by eight wickets. The Oxford match was drawn.

Labour. There was an Eight Hours' Demonstration in Hyde Park on Sunday, at which much dangerous but instructive trash was talked. More than one speaker admitted that there was no finality in "eight" hours; TILLET declared that they would have as much leisure as their "betters" (many of whom, poor things, work ten, twelve, and fourteen hours a day), and BURNS, besides taking in vain a name which we prefer not to mention in such a context, demanded more "leisure, treasure, pleasure, clothes, and food." But why not buy the clothes and food with the treasure? *Le dieu working-man* seems a greedy god. Beside all this silly hankering after "sovereigns for fifteen shillings" may be set the ominous declaration of an exceptionally well-qualified authority that the trade of Hull, which has taken six centuries to build up, is slipping away day by day.

Miscellaneous. A special service was held at the Temple Church, last Sunday, to celebrate the jubilee of its well-known organist, Dr. HOPKINS.—Very high prices were obtained for the CLIFDEN and PRICE pictures, at CHRISTIE'S, this day week. Four canvases—two REMBRANDTS, a VELASQUEZ, and a Sir JOSHUA—fetched twenty thousand guineas between them; one, the "Wife of Burgomaster SIX," exceeding 7,000*l.* Some old plate, also of Lord CLIFDEN'S, sold very well.—The attempt to stop the swamping of St. Paul's with Board-school boys continues, and may be wished all success.

Mountaineering in the Himalayas. On Tuesday evening Mr. W. MARTIN CONWAY gave an account of his recent unique experiences in the Himalayas, at a special meeting of the Alpine Club in St. Martin's Town Hall. The lecture was illustrated by some excellent photographs (taken by the traveller) thrown on a screen. The manner and delivery of the lecturer were as good as his matter—which is saying a great deal.

Obituary. Mr. ROMAINE had done good, interesting, and rather various work, both in the home and foreign branches of the Civil Service. He was Deputy-Judge-Advocate in the Crimea, Permanent Secretary at the Admiralty for some years, Judge-Advocate-General in India, and Comptroller-General in Egypt—which may be called seeing life in the official way.—Sir JAMES ANDERSON was chiefly known to the public as having once commanded the *Great Eastern*.—Mr. R. H. CARPENTER was well known as an architect.—MARIA, Marchioness of AILESBUURY, was one of the best known persons in English society, for her age, her hair, and her brilliantly sociable disposition.—Lord PETRE, as a Roman Catholic peer in Roman orders, had not made much figure in English public life.—Field-Marshal Lord WILLIAM PAULET had had his chief experience of active service in the Crimea, but had done duty in every grade, and had at one time been Adjutant-General.

THE FIRST WEEK OF THE FIGHT.

UNIONISTS have but one reason to be dissatisfied with the first night's debate in Committee on the Home Rule Bill, against several good reasons for contentment; and, while the cause of dissatisfaction may not, and most certainly ought not, to arise a second time, the causes of the opposite feeling are of a continuing character, and are certain to become increasingly potent as the debate proceeds. The Opposition Whips ought not to have allowed the Ministerialist majority to rise twenty-five per cent. and more, in the division on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S amendment, and by nearly as much in two out of the next three that followed; but we may fairly hope that on no future occasion of the same kind—we mean on no occasion important enough to call for a real trial of strength between parties—will such a lapse of vigilance or of discipline be permitted to recur. This mishap deducted, all else that happened last Monday night and since is to the good. It was to the good to compel the Government to admit, by their attitude in the earlier part of that evening, that they deliberately intend to adopt the tactics of the thimble-rigger; and, by their later behaviour, that they propose to supplement these tactics by the methods of the confederate-bully, whose function is to apply the closure to the mouth—and, if necessary, to the eyes—of any protesting victims of his comrade's arts. And it is also to the good to have revealed the compulsion under which this combination of fraud and force has been resorted to. The first

exposure may be enlightening to the onlooking public; the second cannot fail of instruction to the Unionist combatants in the struggle. Two points, that is to say, are already clear; one that the Government feel bound to get the first clause of the Bill voted blindfold, as the only hope of getting it voted at all; the other, that they have either given an express understanding, or are virtually pledged to their Irish allies, to stave off the question of the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament as long as possible. The former of these two points came out clearly in Mr. GLADSTONE'S obstinate refusal to avow his intentions with respect to the ninth clause; the latter is inferentially clear from his refusal, on the strength of an argument too flimsy for manipulation even by those practised fingers, to accept Mr. DARLING'S amendment.

The reinforcement of trickery by violence, which was the special note of Monday night's proceedings, was absent from those of the following evening. This difference is of course to be accounted for by the fact that the PRIME MINISTER was actively discharging the duties of leadership throughout the whole of the first sitting, whereas, during the later hours of the second, he prudently delegated the conduct of the Bill to Mr. MORLEY. The Government, if they are well advised, will follow the latter precedent in the future rather than the former. Mr. GLADSTONE'S assumptions of the reins have not been fortunate. His attempts to promote the progress of the Home Rule Bill, alike before and since Easter, have been injudicious in their conception and ignominious in their results; and the pitch of excitement to which he is wrought by his unsuccessful attempts to coerce the minority produces upon him such manifestly injurious effects, both physical and mental, that his colleagues will doubtless persuade him to leave the Bill in charge of the CHIEF SECRETARY during the after-dinner portion of these debates. On Tuesday the Opposition were treated by the Government in a more becoming manner. Mr. BARTLEY'S amendment, proposing to introduce the word "subordinate" in a description of the Irish Legislature, was debated at a length which the Leader of the Opposition admitted to be sufficient, and was carried to a division (in which it was lost by a majority of only thirty-five) without resort to the Closure. The attitude of the Government towards it, as compared with their treatment of Mr. W. REDMOND'S amendment, which immediately followed it, was instructively significant of their different relations with the two sections of the Irish Nationalists. Mr. GLADSTONE refused to accept the word "subordinate," on the ground that it would "cast a slight upon the Irish Parliament"; thus, it will be noticed, incidentally giving that Legislature the very name which, in opposing Mr. W. REDMOND'S amendment, he declined to describe it by in the Bill. Such is the varying measure of regard which he pays to the susceptibilities of an Irish faction which possesses only nine votes and to those of one which is master of eight times that number. The Parnellites, however, are worth squaring on any point which, unlike the question between "Legislature" and "Parliament," is sufficiently vital to enable them, if they were to oppose the Bill, to force the hands of the Anti-Parnellites; and there is no doubt that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was right in including them in the remark which did so arouse the comic indignation of the egregious Mr. BYLES. Everything points to the conclusion that Parnellites and Anti-Parnellites have alike been squared on the question of the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, and that they have acquiesced in the declaration of the preamble on a pretty distinct, if only tacit, understanding that the so-called supremacy is to go no further than the preamble. Fortunately the compact has already been exposed, and there will be ample

opportunity—indeed, as it appears, four separate opportunities—of breaking it up.

The debate on Mr. T. W. RUSSELL's amendment to omit the provision for establishing a Second Chamber of the Irish Legislature had an interest and an importance of a somewhat different kind. With its results in the division-lobby we are not greatly concerned. As a matter of fact, it was defeated by something more than the normal majority; but, what with cross-voting and abstentions on both sides, the numbers, whatever they might have been, could hardly have possessed any very clear significance. The abstract intellectual interest of the debate was, however, very considerable, and not least so in its renewed illustration of the weakening effect which subservience to Mr. GLADSTONE produces, not only on (of course) the moral principle, but also on the mental faculties of his servitors. How otherwise explain a speech of such ludicrous logical confusion as that of Mr. BRYCE? How otherwise understand a man of Mr. BRYCE's calibre warning the Opposition in one breath that, if they voted in favour of Mr. RUSSELL's amendment, "it would be remembered when the question of a Second Chamber for England came up," and in the next breath assuring the Single Chamber Radicals that a vote against the amendment "could have no bearing on any opinion which they might entertain with regard to the House of Lords"? We say nothing of the moral quality of the appeal; but surely it is intellectually deplorable to find so distinguished a victim of so elementary a logical fallacy as that which has befogged Mr. BRYCE. If to vote in favour of a Legislative Council for Ireland commits the Radical to no more than the proposition that "Some Second Chambers are defensible institutions," how is it possible to contend that the Unionist's vote against that Legislature commits him to any more than the contrary proposition that "Some Second Chambers are not defensible institutions"? If the Unionist's adverse vote on the question "could only be directed against the principle of any Second Chamber," as Mr. BRYCE absurdly said—if, in other words, it meant that no Second Chambers are, and therefore that the House of Lords is not, defensible, we are equally entitled to expand the Radical vote into an extravagant approval of all Second Chambers whatsoever, and therefore the House of Lords among them. It was, of course, perfectly obvious that there was no necessary affirmation of principle on either side; and that there was not the least danger of involuntarily affirming any principle by voting either in favour of the amendment or against it. To support it was for the Unionists, in our judgment, the only practical course to take. To have voted for a Second Chamber would have been to admit that the so-called Legislature ought to be a "Parliament" and not a vestry. In supporting the clause as it stands, for fear lest he should be thought to oppose the Second Chamber principle, Mr. COURTNEY was not acting in the spirit of the practical politician. To accept a principle which you know is to receive later on pretended embodiment in a sham clause which you will have no real power to modify, is the part, not of the practical politician, but of the doctrinaire. And while we admit that the Radical who supported the Irish Second Chamber cannot be proved to have voted against his principles in the individual case, it is well known that, whereas no Conservative approves of every Second Chamber that the wit of man can devise, there are Radicals who have pronounced against all such institutions in the lump. Thus when we read the ludicrously self-righteous lectures of the Gladstonian press, and consider how many of the Radicals who voted with the Government are likely to have approved even of this particular Second Chamber, we get a curiously new insight into the Pharisaic mind. It may be pretty safely

asserted that the former of the two men who "went up together into the temple to pray" had no sense of honour.

MR. BUCHANAN'S MORALITIES.

IF it is an ill bird which fouls its own nest, Mr. ROBERT BUCHANAN's reputation cannot be high in the literary aviary. For literature, of a sort, or of a great many sorts, is his nest; yet he expresses, and partly justifies, but a poor opinion of his profession. Literature lowers the moral tone too much, he thinks; and, though we cannot agree with Mr. BUCHANAN in the general, his remarks go to prove a good deal against the moral effects of letters in the particular. His article is one of several which various writers have contributed to the *Idler* on the engaging topics of their own first books and their interesting early struggles. These confessions, we presume, are intended for the edification of youth; and, if youth will be guided by us, it will regard Mr. BUCHANAN as his own "awful example." About his early struggles the world has heard before, once or twice, or even more frequently. Though Mr. BUCHANAN saw "SELENE" and all her nymphs" (had SELENE any nymphs?) on Waterloo Bridge, and "walked for many hours" with "painted women," the ardent neophyte in literature need not necessarily follow his example. One may walk with painted women, and yet may never become a BUCHANAN. "There were inky fellows and bouncing girls then; now there are only fine ladies, and respectable, God-fearing men of letters." Mr. BUCHANAN is too pessimistic. We doubt not that many "fellows," even to-day, are inky. Certainly many girls still bounce. That the profession of literature would be nobler if its children were inky, and disreputable, and bouncing, and, like Mr. BUCHANAN, "born Pagans," rather than clean and God-fearing, is what we decline to admit. Mr. BUCHANAN's ideas of Paganism are odd. He "never had much reverence for gods of any sort," he tells us; whereas a Pagan had only too much reverence for too many, as ST. PAUL insinuated at Athens—"Ye are in all things too much afraid of too many gods."

In fact, Mr. BUCHANAN does not know much about Pagans and Paganism. He talks at random. As for his lack of reverence (so charming a trait in a poetical character), he regards it as mere want of "gullibility." Yet when the *Athenæum* (in which he wrote) informed its readers that his verses "were poetry," he seems to have believed in the verdict; and he was quite pleased when Mr. GEORGE LEWES told him that his "place among the pastoral poets would be undisputed." Mr. BUCHANAN is with VIRGIL, with BION, and THEOCRITUS! We did not know it before; but if so good a judge of poetry as Mr. LEWES said so, we do not dream of disputing Mr. BUCHANAN's claim to this enviable distinction. He is a pastoral poet.

Mr. BUCHANAN, having stated his claims and discoursed on the building of his early masterpieces—*Undertones* and *Idylls* and *Legends of Inverburn*—enters into very goodly matter, and assails the profession of which he is such a pastoral ornament. Literature "is one of the least ennobling" of the professions. Well, literature has its temptations; for example, to egotism, to blethering about oneself, to notoriety-hunting, to envy, and jealousy, and the carping criticism of rivals or of masters. All professions, all modes of life, are full of such temptations; but literature more abundantly, because the small man, and the meanly envious man, can publish his moral and æsthetic attacks on his betters. In this regard literature stands alone; a painter, an actor, a doctor, a preacher, a dentist,

does not publish his disagreeable opinions about his contemporaries. If we do not misunderstand Mr. BUCHANAN, he is assailing, in this very paper, the memories of two poets dead and gone. "He may tinker" (the author may), "he may trim, he may succeed, he may be buried in Westminster Abbey, he may hear before he dies all the people saying, 'How good and great he is! how perfect is his art! how gloriously he embodies the Tendencies of his Time!'" but he will know all the same that the price has been paid, and that his living Soul has gone to furnish that whitewashed Sepulchre, his Reputation." The capital letters throughout are Mr. BUCHANAN'S, who adds a good many more in a footnote. Now we never heard that Lord TENNYSON "trimmed"; if by tinkering it is meant that he polished his verse, we admit the charge; we admit that he was a scholar as well as a poet; he certainly "succeeded" (there is the rub); he certainly was buried in Westminster Abbey; people certainly said that he was good and great, that his art was perfect, and so forth. We are not able to think of any other recent author to whom these latter phrases apply, and if Mr. BUCHANAN had no idea of being impertinent about "the living Soul" of the late Laureate, why we are very glad to be mistaken. But it is a pity to put oneself in danger of such misconstructions. The Laureate succeeded, and Mr. BUCHANAN, as he tells us, very early in life conceived the idea of succeeding to the Laureate! "I mean, after TENNYSON'S death, to be Poet Laureate," was a remark of Mr. BUCHANAN'S in his inky, salad days; for, as he informs us, he was "ever reserved." A queer example of reserve was this. Well, the man on the reversion of whose post he speculated in his generous boyhood has departed, full of years and honours, crowned by fame, admired by all his countrymen, and Mr. BUCHANAN is still only the pastoral poet. He ends his diatribe with a sneer at poets who "start from Rugby." Perhaps this is meant for a taunt against the memory of Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD, who is, we presume, the only distinguished Rugbeian poet. Mr. BUCHANAN ought to know by this time that not even a public-school education can prevent a SHELLEY, a SWINBURNE, a BYRON, an ARNOLD from being poets, just as not even an entire absence of such training can make more than "a pastoral poet" out of some other people. "If his nature," says Mr. BUCHANAN, speaking of the ambitious author, "is in arms against anything that is rotten in Society, or Literature itself, he must be silent." Not at all; he may be vocal, moral—and pseudonymous.

Literature is not necessarily an ennobling profession. "What can ennoble" a number of people not born to be magnanimous? Nothing can; neither the blood of all the HOWARDS nor the profession of letters. But it is not the blood, nor the profession, that is to blame; it is the individual. Literature is a profession in which

grow from more to more,
And more of reverence with it dwell.

Mr. BUCHANAN has disclaimed reverence; about his knowledge we need not speak. He has truth with him, no doubt, when he says that he has "scarcely met one individual who has not deteriorated morally by the pursuit of literary Fame." To pursue fame instead of art, to begin by announcing one's intention to be Laureate, is, indeed, to understand literature in the wrong way. Literature is her own reward, and though fame may be pleasant if she comes, men are really drawn to letters, not by the wages, but by the allurements of the Muse. "The World," we conceive, is perfectly capable of speaking well of a man, without demanding the price of praise, and that price "possibly his living Soul." The World is not like the

Devil in a story of witchcraft; it does not want anybody's Soul; it wants, in poetry, charm, grace, nobility, fire, thought; the art of SHAKSPEARE and SCOTT, of SOUTHEY and WORDSWORTH, TENNYSON and VIRGIL, of men who, though crowned by fame, kept the bird in their bosoms; who won recognition without fighting for it, who had knowledge and had reverence, who are models of excellence, as we believe, in other things as well as in letters.

THE GERMAN REICHSTAG.

THE manner of the rejection of the German Army Bill by the Reichstag completely demonstrates the incapacity of that body to form a useful part of any machinery of government. No South American legislative body could have shown itself more incompetent. And this would equally be the case if the proposed increase of the army were demonstrably unnecessary, or the manner in which it was proposed to be effected were unwise. We can well believe that men whose opinion is worth listening to might differ from the Government as to the need for an increase. Germany, they might argue, has nothing to gain by yielding further to the modern mania for mere numbers of men. It is barely to the point to quote the numbers of the Russian army as a reason for increasing the German, when everybody is aware that the paper and effective strengths of the CZAR'S army have never been known to coincide, and when he can avail himself of only a part of what he has. Much the same might be said of other universal service armies, which would in war be in serious danger of being merely encumbered by their numbers, if only for the one reason that they are all short of officers. Germany, the best provided of them, finds great difficulty in securing the number of officers needed. Why, then, it might be asked, sacrifice the longer average service, which gives the German soldier his exceptionally good training, for the sake of securing mere numbers?

But the German Army Bill has not been thrown out for these or for any other reasons which affect the policy of increasing the military forces of the Empire. It has not even been rejected because a majority of the members of the Reichstag are convinced that the taxpayers cannot bear any further burdens. It is, indeed, notorious that many of the deputies who voted with the majority are convinced of the necessity for increasing the army. The Bill has been thrown out by a coalition of parties, who were united in nothing except in personal opposition to Herr VON CAPRIVI. With a few the object is to avenge Prince BISMARCK. Others—and that is notably the case with Herr RICHTER and the Radicals—were influenced by personal pique. The motives of the Ultramontanes are less clear, but it appears tolerably certain that they were influenced by the new folly of the Roman Catholic Church, which has taken to coquetting with Socialism in the insane hope that it can put a hook in the nose of the monster, and reduce him to its own service. These parties have for their temporary ends entered into a coalition with the Social Democrats, whose aim it is to sweep away the whole organization of civilized life, and with the smaller knots of particularists or representatives of Alsace, whose aim is the dissolution of the Empire. A coalition of this kind is immoral and mischievous, if only because it is itself incapable of forming a Government. It can destroy and oppose, but can do nothing else. How completely it is a merely fortuitous combination of atoms is shown by the fact that the first effect of its victory has been to produce disintegration within some of its own component parts. The Radicals have split into nearly equal sections. Not much less than a half of them have been frightened at their own handiwork, and have separated from Herr RICHTER. The Catholic centre is undergoing a similar process,

though in their case it is a minority of large landed proprietors which has separated from the Clerical Socialists of the rank and file.

The EMPEROR had manifestly no resource except to dissolve the Reichstag after the vote of last Saturday. It is, however, in an eminent degree unlikely that the General Election will supply him with a more practical body. There is even a possibility that the new Reichstag will be worse than the old, because it will be divided into more groups and sections than the old, and consequently more shifting and untrustworthy. The experience of Germany is, in fact, one more proof of the folly of the old Liberal superstition that Parliamentary institutions would work everywhere. They have worked for one part of the history of one country only. Elsewhere they have either been mischievous, or have been rendered harmless by the limitation of their power and opportunities, and by the existence of a strong independent Executive. If the Reichstag is to make Parliamentary government a reality in the German Empire, it must first of all develop a machinery of administration. Germany has neither the wealth, the security, nor the unity which have enabled France to endure a succession of wasteful and incompetent Chambers. If it is left at the mercy of such a body as the last Reichstag was, and as its successor is likely to be, there will very soon be no Empire at all. This is the consideration which renders the coming election so important. What is at stake is not a mere scheme of military policy. It is a very serious feature of the situation that the so-called Conservative parties are themselves playing fast and loose with all kinds of revolutionary weapons. The question for Germany is whether it is to have a Government at all, or the mere show of one existing at the mercy of unstable coalitions of pedants and fanatics.

Herr RICHTER has described the policy of his own (the Radical Popular) party in a phrase which applies with no small accuracy to that of all the others. We have taken, said Herr RICHTER, a sharp turn to the left. Indeed, there seems to be but one resource visible to the German politician who cannot get the whole of his way, and that is to turn in the direction of the Social Democrats. Conservatives, Radicals, Ultramontanes, Particularists, and what not, may differ among themselves in everything else, but they are agreed in endeavouring to strengthen themselves by affecting a little Socialism. As between Radicals and Conservatives, it is the latter who are the most fully prepared to play this perilous game. In their anger at the late commercial treaties which have exposed them to Russian and Austrian competition, they have not scrupled to ally themselves with agrarian and anti-Semitic agitators. It would seem that the landlords, great and small, who form the strength of the Conservative parties, are under the delusion that there is a kind of agrarianism which is very good for the purpose of plundering Jews and imposing a high price of bread on workmen in towns, but would not serve as a means of injuring their proprietary rights. It is not the first time that an aristocracy has made this calculation; but it will be the first time one has escaped smarting for its folly if the Prussian landowners get off uninjured in the long run.

In the middle of the confusion and wrangling of other parties, the Social Democrats are full of activity and of hope. They have many reasons for their confidence. For some years past the EMPEROR, the political parties, the Church, even Prince BISMARCK, have coquetted with them more or less, have acknowledged that their aims are often excellent, and have promised, with here and there a qualifying "but" or "if," to carry them out as far as is humanly possible. They are, therefore, justified in the hope that voters whose minds have been trained to hear them with attention by this general chorus of approval will be

the more disposed to listen to promises which are not qualified by "ifs" and "buts." Then the Social Democrats are well organized, and know both what they want and how they propose to obtain it. These are great advantages to a political party in all countries, but are more particularly so among the Germans, whose natural instinct it is to obey orders, and to march in file, even when they are in revolt. It is, therefore, quite possible that the Social Democrats may double their numbers at the next election, and it will not be surprising if that estimate is surpassed. Nobody can foretell to what excess a "Schwärmerei" may go when there is so little that is intelligible to counterbalance it in the language or the conduct of other parties. The openly "Particularist" language of Herr SIGL, the "ultra-Democratic Ultramontane free lance" in Bavaria, is a symptom not without importance. The *Times* Correspondent is convinced that his views are not widely held in Southern Germany, but that people are so disgusted with their present rulers as to tolerate anything which appears likely to damage them. Just so. From this it appears that there will have to be a sharp struggle to maintain the unity of Germany before long; and it may well be that the Reichstag will be overridden as the Prussian Diet was in the Sixties, or that the Empire will go.

MR. MELL AND MR. MELLOR.

THE suggestion of the Whig satirist to his friends that, since it was not the Speaker they now had before 'em, they were bound to behave with some sort of decorum, might charitably be applied for the benefit of Mr. MELLOR. The transformation which comes over the House of Commons when Mr. PEEL makes his majestic exit, and Mr. MELLOR surreptitiously glides in from behind the chair, and takes the seat at the table vacated by Sir REGINALD PALGRAVE, converts an organized society into a mob. Something like it may be observed in a school when, in the absence of the head-master, a timid and shrinking usher takes his place. Mr. MELLOR presides over the House of Commons in Committee much as Mr. MELL, in the absence of Mr. CREAKLE, presided over the establishment in which DAVID COPPERFIELD received his education. MELLOR, indeed, would seem to be the comparative of MELL. No one would be surprised, some day, to hear from him a Parliamentary version of the hysterical outburst of that unfortunate pedagogue, and the dialogue which followed:—

'Silence,' said Mr. Mell, suddenly rising up. . . . 'What does this mean? It's impossible to bear it. It's maddening. How can you do it to me, boys? . . . Silence, Mr. Steerforth.'

'Silence yourself,' said Steerforth. . . . 'whom are you talking to?'

'Sit down,' said Mr. Mell.

'Sit down yourself,' said Steerforth, 'and mind your own business.'

Matters have not reached quite this point in the House of Commons; for Mr. MELLOR, unlike Mr. MELL, puts himself on the side of the party of noise and disorder, which is in the majority at St. Stephen's; but they are fast approaching it, and in the event of his showing the courage, which he may be holding in reserve, and the impartiality which he probably desires to exercise, a similar scene may be witnessed. At present Mr. MELLOR—not quite at home in the place to which he has been elevated, as much to his own surprise as to that of everybody else, not having as yet, perhaps, put off the Gladstonian partisan, nor put on the neutrality of the Chair—unconsciously lends himself to the interruption of the ordinary course of business. If STEERFORTH, like Mr. JOHN MORLEY, could have moved the Closure, Mr. MELL might possibly have found relief in it; though it is probable that he would have been too conscientious to interrupt the proper conduct of affairs.

The time may come when Mr. MELLOR may feel it his duty to confront the STEERFORTHs of the Treasury Bench, and then we shall see what will happen.

Mr. MELLOR would do well to make a study of Mr. PEEL's conduct in the Chair, and to reflect on the qualities which have given him an authority in the House, which has not been exceeded, has scarcely been equalled, by any Speaker since the time of ONSLOW. The Chairman of Committees holds his office by a tenure which, as interpreted by recent usage, is indeed different from that of the Speaker. His connexion with his party is not so entirely loosened. He is the nominee of the Ministry and the Parliamentary majority of the day; and he has a freedom to act with his party in the House, which, since the time of Sir CHARLES MANNERS SUTTON, no Speaker has ventured to exercise in Committee. He is often a partisan who could not otherwise be provided for, for whom no Under-Secretaryship, or Vice-Presidency, or Junior-Lordship could conveniently be found. But for all that he is something more than, or rather something entirely different from, a subordinate member of the Ministry of the day. Mr. MELLOR is Mr. GLADSTONE's nominee; but he is the servant of the House of Commons as a whole, and his duty is to the House, and not to the PRIME MINISTER. If Mr. THOMAS EDWARD ELLIS, or Mr. MCARTHUR, under some stirring of the Nonconformist conscience, found himself in the wrong lobby, he might naturally expect to receive from Mr. GLADSTONE such a letter as Lord NORTH wrote to young Mr. FOX. But nothing could have been done to Mr. MELLOR if he had refused to put the Closure when it was moved by Mr. JOHN MORLEY.

We can understand Mr. MORLEY's motive and that of the PRIME MINISTER, in obedience to whom he of course acted. There were loud cries for the SOLICITOR-GENERAL when Mr. COURTNEY sat down, and, damaging to Ministers as Mr. COURTNEY's speech was, it could not have been so damaging as the SOLICITOR-GENERAL's reply was likely to prove. The Closure was really moved against him. If Sir JOHN RIGBY were Sir HORACE DAVEY, he could not scatter more dismay in his own ranks. If he had got up, Mr. MORLEY might possibly have moved that the SOLICITOR-GENERAL be not heard. Had Sir CHARLES RUSSELL been in the House, the debate would almost certainly have gone on. But, whatever his personal sympathies, it is not the business of Mr. MELLOR to protect Ministers from their own SOLICITOR-GENERAL. His compliance will probably lead to further exactions. Mr. BOFFIN discovered early in his experience of society that you must either crunch or be crunched. This truth will soon be brought home to Mr. MELLOR. Provoked by noisy cries of "Order," "order" from Mr. HEALY, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN retorted "You are not Chairman." Mr. MELLOR needs to be reminded that he is not Mr. MARJORIBANKS. As a matter of fact, Mr. MELLOR's acceptance of the Closure really hindered progress, and provoked a just irritation, which will make the orderly conduct of business more difficult than it need have been.

WEDNESDAY'S CEREMONY.

IT is not without some, we trust commendable, satisfaction that we note the facility with which certain of our contemporaries experience the joys of agreeable surprise. That Londoners are fond of a show, that they particularly like one which enables them to see HER MAJESTY, that they almost uniformly enjoy their treat with good temper; that London is really imposing on a fine day; that cuirasses, redcoats, and bluejackets, lances, pennants, and horses in order and in number, marching between very large, well-behaved, and well-dressed crowds, form a grand spectacle—all

these facts appear to have perennial novelty to some observers. We are glad of it for their sake. Nothing conduces more certainly to pleasure than to possess an inexhaustible source of agreeable surprises. In the case of our friends there is a chance of happiness every Drawing-Room day. They have only to stroll into Pall Mall and St. James's Park, and look at the large and good-humoured crowd which never fails to stand there for hours attracted by the certainty of seeing the Life Guard in all its glory, a great many splendid uniforms, and at intervals a handsome woman, not too much dressed, in very fine clothes.

The ceremony of the opening of the Imperial Institute was a Drawing-Room day on a very large scale, and on an exceptional occasion. It attracted a proportionately large crowd. We will not do our fellow-Londoners the discourtesy of supposing that they required a show of any kind to make them aware of the magnitude of the British Empire, or to bring home to their minds the honour and advantage of preserving its unity. If the Empire and its unity have ever been undervalued, it has not been by the mass of Englishmen, but by temporary schools of politicians and economists, who made a noise in the world out of all proportion to their real power. How little the Manchester school could do to influence its countrymen was sufficiently shown in the Crimean War and the Mutiny. It was applauded in its unpatriotic talk as long as the talk meant nothing in practice. So soon as it did, Mr. BRIGHT had to discover that the country had gone mad. The significance of Wednesday's display may, no doubt, be easily overrated by uncritical commentators. The great majority of the spectators, and, no doubt, of those who took an active part in the procession and the opening ceremony, were assuredly not seriously thinking of Empire, unity, or the destinies of the race. They were either enjoying a show or discharging ceremonial duties. Empire, unity, and the destinies of the race are not subjects of which healthy-minded people do consciously think as a rule. They take them for granted, and act on their inarticulate convictions as occasion serves. It is, indeed, very difficult to conceive of the state of mind of a man to whom maps and newspapers, debates in Parliament, the events of his own time, and the stories he heard as a boy, have taught nothing, but to whom a big building at Kensington, and a very fine show in the streets, are a revelation. The show and the building only possess significance to those whose minds are already prepared—to others, they are simply a building and a show.

We trust there are very many who do realize what things they are which the Imperial Institute is designed to serve. It has, we confess, never been very clear to us what this building is to do in the interests of the Empire. But that is possibly of no consequence. The essential is that it was built by a voluntary effort on a great scale, made at considerable pecuniary sacrifices by many people of various classes, with the intention that it should serve those interests. In this, as in most other cases, the will can find the way. No doubt those who are to be responsible for the management of the Institute can make it serve a useful purpose, if only they set a definite object before themselves and work resolutely for it. In the meantime the effort which has ended in the establishment of the Institute has itself already effected something. It has supplied all the world with an outward and visible sign that the days of the Manchester school are well over. The ceremony of Wednesday was a final good-bye to that rather sordid phase of Liberalism, delivered by HER MAJESTY with the very hearty and emphatic goodwill of HER MAJESTY's subjects. Whatever may happen now, we shall not hear a large school of English politicians preaching the advantage of dissolving the

Empire. As for those who, under cover of every species of cant, are scheming to do what they dare not call by its name, last Wednesday is, let us hope, a sign that for them there is a coming day of reckoning.

DISESTABLISHMENT BY DEPUTY.

THE supporters of the Government in the House of Commons expend much ingenuity in attempts to advance the party programme by irregular means, while the apologists of the Government in the press pass much of their time in a state of affected surprise and indignation at the steps taken by the Opposition to resist them. One of the latest examples of this division of the labour occurred in the earlier proceedings of last Tuesday night, and in the Gladstonian comments of the following morning thereon. The Parliamentary half of the business was under the charge of Dr. CAMERON, who moved in the most delicate manner in the world for leave to bring in a Bill to put an end to the Establishment of the Church of Scotland, and to deal with the public endowments thereof on the occurrence of vacancies. This very naturally brought up a Scotch member of the Opposition to observe that no notice of Dr. CAMERON'S intention to ask leave to introduce this measure had been given beyond that which appeared on the day's paper; that the Bill was a very important one, as affecting all classes of people in Scotland, and that he should, therefore, oppose the introduction of the Bill. Where to the mover of the motion, with that peculiar Gladstonian variety of innocence which to so many men of mere impudence is an object of despairing envy, replied that he and other hon. members for Scotland who thought with him had not opposed the introduction of several measures affecting Scotch constituencies by members of the party opposite, and, therefore, he "hoped that similar courtesy would be extended to "him." He added, with still more touching confidence in the simplicity of his hearers, that his sole object "in asking leave to introduce the measure was that "the views it embodied should be made known to the "people of Scotland." On this the House divided, with the result that Dr. CAMERON'S motion was carried by a majority of 66, and the next morning the Gladstonian press resounded with scandalized protest against so "unusual" a step as that of opposing the first reading of a Bill.

It would be useless, we suppose, to ask them how long it has been usual for private members of Parliament to attempt to disestablish Churches, and to rebuke opposition to that attempt on the ground that another private member has been allowed unopposed to introduce a Fishery Regulation Bill. "Usual" and "unusual," however, are, no doubt, words possessing the power common to the rest of the Gladstonian vocabulary of changing their meaning at the will of Mr. GLADSTONE, or of any person duly appointed to represent him as a manipulator of the English language. Perhaps, therefore, it would be a more effective reply to Sir MARK STEWART'S censors to point out that, practice apart, it would be, in principle, a most dangerous innovation to allow private members, acting in obvious collusion with the Government, to take any part of their Ministerial programme off their hands. Nothing was heard of Dr. CAMERON and his Bill until the Scotch Gladstonians began to get restive under the prolonged postponement of their own peculiar "question" to those of Ireland and Wales; and, no doubt, if Mr. GLADSTONE had seen his way to doing any—the least—thing for them on his own account, we should never have heard of Dr. CAMERON and his Bill at all. But the convenience of the PRIME MINISTER, strange as it may appear to the abject crew

who surround him, is not exactly the measure of public policy and Parliamentary propriety; and, on either of these latter grounds, the pretension of an accommodating private member to relieve Government of the contract for the demolition of the Scotch Establishment ought to be vigorously resisted. Mr. GLADSTONE bribed his way to office by wholesale promises of destruction and spoliation, and he must stand or fall by his ability or inability to make them good. His claim to appoint sub-spoliators and demolish "by procuration" is, on the face of it, intolerable. By whomsoever proposed, the policy of disestablishing the Church of Scotland has nothing to recommend it in point of principle to any Englishman who is unwilling to see the Anglican Establishment overthrown. The argument that it is the wish of the Scottish people that it should be disestablished would not be conclusive if the facts supported it, and there is no sufficient reason to believe that they do, or that the alleged "national demand" is worth more in this case than it is in that of Wales. But, however this may be, the proper respondents to this demand, if it exists, are the men who have climbed into power by dint of pledging themselves to satisfy it. As to Dr. CAMERON, and his desire that the "views embodied in his Bill "should be made known to the people of Scotland," he can attain that end by publishing his Bill in the advertisement columns of the Scotch newspapers.

WAR TO THE KNIFE.

THERE could have been very little doubt in the mind of any intelligent Unionist as to the nature of the fight which began on Monday. Mr. BALFOUR, indeed, shocked the mealy-mouthed and pleased all straightforward people by describing it pretty accurately beforehand. But an over-longheaded and over-prospectively-given person might have troubled himself on one point. One, and only one, danger lay ahead of the Unionist party. If the Government had been studiously courteous and conciliatory, if they had accepted every reasonable demand for information and discussion, the war to the knife, which would still have had to be carried on, might have had something ungracious and unfair about it to innocent or careless eyes. JOHN BULL, with whom the decision practically lies, is *animal gullibile ad satietatem*, and one of the best ways of gulling him is the assumption of a sweet reasonableness, of an "I-am-strong-but-I-will—"not-use-my-strength" moderation and equity. Fortunately Mr. GLADSTONE'S temper is too bad, his cause is too argumentatively hopeless, his followers are, as a rule, too much lacking in brains and behaviour, to have made this a safe course for him to attempt. His Irishmen can be trusted to bray and bark and bellow; his Mr. BYLESSES to make street-boy repartees; his Mr. R. T. REIDS to avow, with an almost inconceivable naïveté (as of a comic countryman in wicked Lunnion town), that they intend to be silent lest they should "fall into traps" laid by the clever Unionists. His colleagues can move the Closure, as Mr. MORLEY did the other night in the face of an urgent demand for information from a member so little blinded by Tory original sin as Mr. COURTNEY. His Chairman of Committees can grant that Closure; and he himself can gnash out "I resist the motion" that the Chairman do leave the chair, with the extremely rational and profitable result of employing the remaining time of debate in walking through the lobbies. But argument is not forthcoming, and the tricks up the sleeve must be kept up as long as possible.

The result of last Monday must be that the mildest and meekest of Unionists, such as was the late Mr. SMITH when alive, or the late Lord IDDESLEIGH,

the most incapable of riotous conduct or of sharp practice, must see that war to the knife is the only thing. There is, indeed, no alternative between such war and a simple abstention from all fight whatever, leaving the mechanical majority to vote whatever its chief bids, the Mr. REIDS to speak their reasons for not speaking, and the Lords to do their duty. But this last course is a last resort, and in our judgment seldom or never a wise one. It is true that, if the Closure of Monday night is improved upon, or even repeated, if means which were meant to check mere obstruction by an inconsiderable minority are abused to gag nearly one-half of the entire House, including a great majority from England, and a clear majority from Great Britain—it is barely possible that something of the kind might have to be done. But it is, as we say, a last resort. For the present the good old motto of Sir CHARLES WETHERELL, "Give 'em another division," should be the order of the day. In Sir CHARLES'S case it was of doubtful wisdom, for he had not the country at his back. We have. If, as common decency requires, the Irish members on both sides stood out, Mr. GLADSTONE'S majority becomes a minority. Even as it is, of every seventeen members of Parliament, Irishmen included, only the seventeen constitutes that majority. On points which, in almost every constitutional country in the world, require a decisive and substantive predominance of opinion to authorize any change, the decision is here being left in the hands of a ridiculously small number of men, every one of whom is practically a venal and partial judge. In no conceivable set of circumstances can every open exertion of strength, nay, every Parliamentary artifice, be so well justified. And the supreme justification of all is to be found in the reasons avowed by the simple like Mr. REID in public, and hardly concealed by the more astute of the supporters of the measure in private. They will not have its details examined, because they know them unfit to stand examination; they will not render a reason, because they have none to render; and they will not even clearly announce their intentions on points which they admit to be comparatively immaterial, because they are afraid that if they do so before the very last moment their "squared" following may come unsquared, that the scanty majority scraped together with such pains may break up, and that a second, and this time irretrievable, defeat may come on them in the House of Commons itself. Therefore let every inch of ground be fought in that House with every weapon available. Let the thing go up to the Lords, if it goes at all, with every clause riddled with argument, confessed by its defenders, in conspiracy of silence or in conspiracy of Closure, to be indefensible, hustled and forced through the House of Commons only by brute majorities and abused forms and subservient instruments. Let it go up "not in dog's likeness," as one whose speech on it would have been good to hear might have said, to be kicked down again with a vigour and a contempt which we should personally be very sorry to see expended on so eminently respectable an animal as a dog.

THE OPENING OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

AS a pageant undoubtedly the inaugural ceremony on Wednesday was a complete success. We may lack the organizing gifts of our neighbours of France and Italy, but when occasion brings forth the splendour of our Royalty, we can make a display quite as impressive in its way as anything of the sort to be witnessed in Rome, Vienna, Berlin, Paris, or St. Petersburg, and with this distinct advantage, that there is nothing theatrical about it. The state coaches of the last century were perhaps more gorgeous and artistic than those now in use, but these are more appropriate to the age in which we live. They

have the merit of not provoking merriment, or suggesting the story of Cinderella and last season's Drury Lane pantomime. As the procession of these stately carriages, with their excellent and quite sufficiently picturesque accoutrements, passed in glittering file through the Park, followed by the escort of the Household and Colonial and Indian troops, nothing could be desired more appropriate or imposing. The Queen's carriage, with its famous Hanoverian cream-coloured horses, was of course chiefest in the throng. The gold and the scarlet of the uniforms, and the bright summer dresses of the ladies, contrasted charmingly with the tender green of the trees, and the procession was in its way quite equal to that on the occasion of the Jubilee.

Great praise is due to the escort of Colonial and Indian soldiers. The Australians, and notably the Khaki-clad, brown-booted men in their soft felt hats, were deservedly admired for their soldierly appearance. The Indian cavalry contingent, too, was also much applauded, and added greatly to the general beauty of the procession. Never has the Queen been more loyally received. The amazing crowd—amazing equally for its size and its perfect behaviour—greeted the Sovereign throughout the route with English heartiness. So far the pageant was excellent; but the street decorations, the triumphal arches, and the Venetian masts were somewhat tawdry. We have much to learn yet in this direction. The makeshift hall of the Institute was but a meagre substitute for the gorgeous apartment we are promised, which is to be rich in costly marbles and Indian teak panelling, supporting a coppered and vaulted ceiling of much magnificence. Fortunately the deal boards were well covered with crimson cloth and disguised with flags and banners. The roof was too low pitched even for a temporary structure, and the scene lost much of its impressiveness in consequence. The Indian carpet was beautiful, not only on account of its harmonious design and lovely colouring, but also in its exceptional size, which covered the whole length of the building. Needless at this date to describe the impressive scene presented by the vast assembly of notabilities in uniform or Court dress who filled the hall, or to detail the group of Royalties who surrounded the Queen. We may, however, record the singular distinctness and expression with which Her Majesty read her reply to the address.

There is not much to be said for the musical programme given on this memorable day. Sir A. Sullivan's "Imperial March" was not quite up to the occasion, and although Mme. Albani sang the National Anthem perfectly, the orchestra got sadly out of tune. On returning to Buckingham Palace, the Queen, with kindly thoughtfulness, appeared on the balcony, and stood with the Duke of Connaught and his children, for several minutes, contemplating the crowd assembled. The ringing cheers which greeted her are not likely to be easily forgotten by those who heard them. There was no mistaking the sentiment of profound affection and loyalty which prompted so remarkable a display of popular affection and sympathy.

THE NEW GALLERY.

THE show this year at the New Gallery rises distinctly, as it appears to us, above the average of general interest, without offering any features of very startling novelty. It contains one or two pictures of superlative importance, including Mr. Sargent's great portrait of Mrs. Hugh Hammersley, to which we shall return. In other respects amenity and skill, with here and there something higher, are the features of the Exhibition, which is nowhere very bad and in many places remarkably good. There is an absence of eccentricity and the advertising oddities of art; but there is also an absence of what is traditionally conventional. The show is fresh and pleasing.

Mr. Burne-Jones is characteristically represented by two pictures from his unfinished series of "The Romaunt of the Rose," the first, and we suppose the last, of the projected group. "The Pilgrim at the Gate of Idleness" (64), and "The Heart of the Rose" (66), to which Mr. Morris has supplied quatrains, are delicate and sumptuous, with something less of power than Mr. Burne-Jones sometimes shows. The former, in which the Pilgrim, with purplish-blue robes and brown hands outspread, is welcomed by Lady Idleness, gloved and in deep green garments, the whole seen against a background of pale shadowy woodland, is the more beautiful

of the two. In "The Heart of the Rose" a serious figure, with great stiff wings outspread, presents the Pilgrim to his rather blank and impassive maiden seated in the midst of the rose-bush. The draughtsmanship is solid, but a little less vigorous than usual, and the brown outlines of the figures are somewhat excessive in their hardness. Mr. Strudwick, on the other hand, has made a superlative effort, and presents to us an "Enthronement of Love" (19) larger and more elaborate and more crowded with allegory than ever. The separate parts of this extraordinary and not too intelligible composition are, in several cases, of very great positive beauty; but we miss relative qualities—coherence, unity of design, and pictorial adroitness. It is strange that Mr. Strudwick, with increasing command over technical detail, should seem to make no progress in the power of fusing his detail into what, after all, is meant by art. Mr. W. Wontner has far less solidity of technique than Mr. Strudwick; but there is beauty, though no force, in his imitative German study of a woman in a rich green dress holding up "The Magic Crystal" (29). It is unfortunate that all the modelling has been smoothed out of the flesh.

It is probably nothing but familiarity with Mr. Alma Tadema's methods which makes us a little disappointed with his "Unconscious Rivals" (12), which is really a work of extraordinary accomplishment. The crimson azalea, the glimpse of blue sea beyond, the inevitable marbles, the less conventional arch of arabesque scarlet roof, the sunlight, the dresses—all these are painted with as much perfection as art of this class can attain. The two girls—one a warm blonde, the other black-haired—are gracefully posed, and form a most cunning and complicated line of sinuosity. Perhaps we crave a little more humanity; "unconscious rivals," we say to ourselves, "of whom, or before whom, or in what conditions?" The picture does not explain, and the still-life of its femininity leaves us cold. But the picture will be, and deserves to be, exceedingly popular. Mr. J. W. Waterhouse remains true to his romantic classicism, and sends a very agreeably designed composition, "A Naiad" (40) rising from her stream, her hair bound with a water-lily leaf, to gaze between thin leafless trees on a young shepherd, wrapped in a leopard-skin, who dozes on the green sward. This is a poetical work, hardly carried far enough. Mr. C. W. Mitchell is one of the *pièces de résistance* of the New Gallery, where he once achieved a great success, and seems now bent on forcing us to forget it. His "Boreas and Oreithyia" (195) is a huge, hard piece of painting, utterly unimaginative, in which Boreas resembles nothing so much as the figure-head of a vessel, and has a firm grip of a solidly-modelled but very prosaic nymph. This is certainly an example of "how not to do it."

A principal contribution of Mr. Watts to the New Gallery is a narrow upright piece of symbolism called "The Open Door" (55), a girl letting a white butterfly into the house from a broad landscape, which we can just divine through the open door. There is a dignified simplicity in the tall figure in its plain red robe, although it is in some degree injured by the strange species of Phrygian cap she wears. We know not what the picture means, but it possesses a certain mysterious beauty—something of a divine rusticity of which Mr. Watts possesses the secret. By a great descent we arrive at Mr. A. Macgregor, whose weird green-fleshed damsel, in deeper green garments, pouring water over foliage out of a cup, is called "The Spirit of Life" (170), an ambitious design, dubious in drawing and bad in colour, but not devoid of a certain grace of invention. It is interesting to see the tradition of Mr. Madox Brown surviving in the work of one of the most intelligent, if most mannered, of his disciples—Mrs. Spartali Stillman—the shortcomings of whose "Vision of the Good Monk of Soffiano" (204) are redeemed by the sincerity and piety of feeling; there is a little of the old Tuscan rapture in this composition of the dying monk raising himself to receive the phial of lectuary from the hands of Madonna. A religious picture of far greater technical skill, and as eminently modern as Mrs. Stillman's is archaic, is Mr. Brangwyn's "Gold, Frankincense, and Myrrh" (233); curiously low-toned and phantom-like is this unceremonious presentation of their gifts by the Magi to a shrinking Virgin in the dimness of an Oriental street at twilight. It is an experiment, of course, and one which is not to be accepted without protest. The absence of emotion seems to us a fault, and there is little adoration visible in these three unbending backs; but Mr. Brangwyn's colour is charming. There is much to praise in Mr. Charles Gere's Spenserian fantasy of "The

Finding of the Infant St. George" (251), and Mr. Hughes's "Mournful Enone" (200) must not be passed without recognition. Mr. E. M. Hale is exceedingly clever, but we are never perfectly certain whether he is or is not in earnest. His "primitive-man" picture this year is called "In the Grip of the Sea-Wolf" (242). A terrific moustachioed viking, wading towards us out to sea on a sandy coast, carries his gold-hilted dagger in his teeth, and a struggling, strapping, primitive wench in his arms; behind him on the shore a good deal of promiscuous fighting seems to be going on. It is a very spirited illustration for a book of adventure, not edited for the very young; it might have been painted on a smaller scale, and, perhaps, with more regard to antiquarianism.

Mrs. Alma Tadema has scored a distinct advance this year. Her picture at the Royal Academy is more ambitious than her "Many Stitches, Many Thoughts" (10), at the New Gallery, but it is not more exquisitely painted. The fact is that Mrs. Alma Tadema—an Englishwoman, but far more Dutch in genius than her husband—has by this time achieved a touch and an illumination which are much nearer to those of Mieris and Metzger than any other modern has approached. It is pastiche, of course, but of the most brilliant kind. The light thrown upon this lovely golden head from the armorial window above could scarcely be better rendered. This is almost the only interior-subject picture which is notable at the New Gallery, but good *plein-air* pieces abound. Mr. Tuke is a very interesting and puzzling artist. No one has greater power in making us feel the effect of real flesh and blood under a real sky. His large study of a "Greek Lemon-gatherer" (247) has this strong sense of actuality. The man breathes, we divine his muscles and the colour of his skin under his rough costume. But when he has painted his man, Mr. Tuke always seems to lose interest, and his accessories are poor. In this instance, he inflicts a wound on himself by exhibiting close to his large picture a study of lemons (261), evidently made for use in the latter, for this sketch is much better than the ultimate work. Mr. Tuke is a sort of Walt Whitman in his love of the open air and of plain people; he is one of the most promising of all our young painters, but, in vulgar phrase, we do not quite "see what he is driving at" this year. Mr. La Thangue's "In the Orchard" (52) is uninteresting, but full of sunlight. Two little sea-shore pictures of merit are Mr. Leslie Thomson's "By Summer Seas" (82), seven girls bathing; and Mr. Hale's "Sun, Wind, and Sea" (83) three girls, with hair rising in the wind like smoke from a chimney, dancing on the sands. A solid and vigorous outdoor picture is Mr. John Collier's "A Tramp" (96), seated under a hollowed red-clay bank, a capital example of this painter. Mr. Bartlett, who had of late years done less than justice to his eminent promise, exhibits a capital picture, "A Breezy Crossing" (211), a ferry-boat punted across a broad; the figures are very good, especially that of the handsome fellow who stands against the sky at the head of the boat. There is charm and fancy in Mr. Edgar Barclay's pastoral, "Carrying home the Milk" (5).

It is not given to Mr. Watts to be commonplace. He either succeeds or fails triumphantly, and he has never been more fortunate than in his "Neptune's Horses" (78). The colour and distance are marvellously adjusted, and the horses, distinct at short sight, blend and compose the scene quite magically at longer range. Curiously enough, another artist with not a tenth of Mr. Watts's talent has taken the same subject. Mr. Walter Crane has done nothing more amusing than his long line of "Neptune's Horses" (216), white Arabs, with necklaces of shells, plunging merrily upon a sandy beach. The same painter's "Masque of Spring Flowers" (199) is childish and pretty, but far too large for its subject. To the landscapes, portraits, and sculpture at the New Gallery we must return another day.

SPORT OF OLD IN MAGA.

WILSON contributed to *Blackwood* a long and remarkable series of brilliant sporting articles, well known by the reprint as *Christopher in His Sporting Jacket*. Moreover, all through the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" are interspersed a variety of sporting scenes, episodes, and allusions. The opening of the "Noctes" was in "The Tent" in Mar Forest, at the sources of "Highland Dee," where it was pitched by the hospitable permission of "The Thane"—that Earl of

Fife who, as the friend of the Regent, was doomed in life's decline to live on an allowance from his creditors. We can hardly imagine now any Highland magnate giving *carte blanche* to a boisterous band of contributors to camp out in the centre of his best shootings on the 12th. Be that as it may, we venture to declare on internal evidence that "The Tent," though the title has a sporting sound, was never written by Wilson, who, indeed, is well known to have been responsible for but few of the early "Noctes." Christopher, who is often grotesquely absurd, might possibly have facetiously pled guilty to taking a family shot at sitting birds, when they tempted Providence by dropping near the sylvan scene where he had been left to his solitary musings. But he would never have talked of "a numerous pack of grouse." Grouse do not pack on great Northern moors till some weeks later, and the family party is known as a brood or a covey. Christopher's genuine sporting articles date from a few years afterwards, and thenceforth they flow forth copiously in a scarcely intermitted stream. We take them at random, and, talking of "streams," nothing is more characteristic than the article so designated. There is really not much fishing in it; the rod, as the venerable writer says, is the excuse. But it is full of poetry, pathos, and vivid description. The streams are wedded to the successive seasons, from late spring to the early winter. The Scottish spring comes coyly, and in the blighting winds and flying sleet is slow to shake off the garments of heaviness. But some day she bursts upon you in gay attire and in the brightest blush of her virgin beauty. The braes of the Border are one blaze of fragrant furze blossom. The thyme set thick in the turf breathes balm beneath your footsteps. The first of the swallows are skimming and dipping, the soft air is melodious with the hum of bees, and from the "flocks of the fleecy people" that seem to have huddled out of sight there comes a perpetual bleating.

How North, as he keeps a watchful eye on the silent pools and the swift rushes, dilates on the individual charms of Tweed and Yarrow! Each bend in the rivers is endeared to him by associations as well as memories. The lonely peel-tower, the doubtful ford, the height on which the bale-fire was wont to blaze, has been consecrated by Scott, or Leyden, or Hogg, and by the forgotten authors of many an immortal ballad. As Wordsworth half hinted and Washington Irving asserted, that land of soul-stirring song is somewhat bleak and monotonous. If you think so, by way of change you may follow Christopher to the Highlands. There is no uniformity there, and he fishes through a succession of surprises. With each turn in the wild and stern glens the landscape frames itself in a fresh and impressive picture. Now there is a rushing cataract in a rocky gorge, and again there is the peaceful shieling of shepherd or gillie on the verdant oasis in the well-protected nook. Now you climb a height or open a vista, and before you stretches the Highland loch in a glittering expanse of silver. Superstitions linger, and old men say there are mysteries and monsters in its fathomless depths; that kelpies as well as ruddy char and gigantic trout have been netted in its waters. It sparkles in a silvery sheet under the sunshine, but the weather in those parts is changeful as the scenery. Suddenly the lake is scowling sullenly as it reflects the lowering clouds in a leaden pall, and minor mutterings and rumblings may be heard in the encircling hills. The thunderstorm breaks in blinding flashes, the heavens are opened for the descent of the waterspouts, and Christopher gives a brilliant description of the spates. Each mountain rill has swollen to a foaming torrent, the river is coming down in brown banks of flood, and you are deafened by the far-resounding peals and the roar of many waters. The angler has nothing for it but to plod home—to wait till the waters subside as they have risen, and the gorged fish have gotten another appetite. For the angler in the Highlands, far more than in the South, has to learn to possess his soul in patience. What between frequent floods and the rarer drought, the practice of his art is too often impracticable. It is true that when the water is in order the trout give him splendid play. Nursed beneath the cataracts, and with never a quiet nook, save now and then under the gnarled roots of a pine stem, they have no notion of knocking under without a fight. We know none more pugnacious, save those in the Traun, below Ischl, and the other rapid streams of the Salzkammergut, celebrated by Sir Humphry in *Salmonia*. But then, as North admits,

it is seldom you need or can be fastidious about the fineness of the tackle. He talks of trying a low Tweed with gossamer and midges; but among rocks cutting like a razor gossamer gut is impossible. And Christopher, though drawing the long-bow on occasions, being a Waltonian, is at bottom an honest man. He is always sneering at the Cockney poets, but he has nothing but praise for the Cockney angler. To be sure, he rather pities the poor devils who know each particular trout weighing over a couple of pounds by headmark, and stalk him as if they were shadowless Schlemihls, and as if the trout were a stag of ten. But he envies the exquisite and inimitable delicacy of wrist-play with which the lure, as light as thistle-down, is thrown with the invisible line to an inch—and very likely with a ricochet from a root—in the limpid chalk streams so dear to Kingsley. North had not the advantage of the acquaintance of the parson-poet; but Kingsley knew North and loved him well.

Enough of the rod for one article; let us turn to the moorland and the moors, which, by the way, are very different things. What charms us is less the sport, which is only introduced incidentally, than the treatment of ornithology and the *fera natura* from the picturesque point of view—of the sweet songsters and the birds of prey and the birds on the borders of gameland. It was a wild and primitive Scotland in those days, with few post roads and no railways. The great southland parish near Glasgow, where little Kit was bred and educated in the manse, has, we have no doubt, been made an abomination of desolation by the monarchs of coal and iron. Then there was little agriculture, and consequently there were no sparrow clubs. You could not throw a stone into hedge or hayrick, but the "sprugs" rose up in a cloud like mosquitoes on the Niger. With the natural shrubberies of bog alder and the thickets of bourtree, the quaking morasses and the sedges round the moorland tarns, it was a very Paradise for bird-nesting and bird-slaughtering vagrants. There is a delightful description of the primitive firearms, which were the common property of the boys of the manse, and with which the young scapegraces loved to imperil their lives. There was the duck-gun, said to have been out in the '15, and kicking like the "Baby" of Sir Samuel Baker's, which threw a half-pound shell; and there was the "long gun" which had to be laid across the shoulders of two boys, which always hung fire for uncertain intervals, and in obedience to the laws of gravitation had a tendency to follow the charge. There is a touching little story of how the small Christopher got lost and sat down to cry, when the little moorland bird, as dry as a toast, hopped out of his heather hole and cheerfully chirped comfort; and we know nothing more spirited in a small way than when "crawling silent as the sinuous serpent," Kit shoots the heron making a feast of the eels. We must give the go-by to the cat hunt and the coursing, and the dusk wanderings under the cliffs where the ever-hungry young hawks are crying for their food, and the owls come sweeping round on downy pinions. In his manhood he seems to have been specially attracted to Dalnacardoch and Dalwhinnie, but he was catholic in his likings and often turned his steps towards the glens of Argyll and the dales of the Border. You never knew what you might stumble upon in those seldom trodden solitudes. The outlying red-deer, though shy of the shepherds' dogs, might start up all black from the bath in the mossplot, or the hill-fox might be caught napping after a heavy supper on blue hares and young grouse. But certain wild creatures were always sure to be there, making the desolation seem still more desolate. There was the lapwing, so detested by the persecuted Covenanters, from its habit of swooping down on the wayfarer with the dirgelike flapping of the pinions, its plaintive moaning cry. There was the whaup or curlew, which Christopher rightly describes as the most wary of all created things. He makes the Shepherd say in the "Noctes," "Ye may discern the whaup's lang nose half a mile off, as the gleg-eed cretur keeps a watch over the wilderness, wi' baith sight and smell." In strange contrast are the habits of the golden plover, as sociable, confiding, and curious as the curlew is shy and misanthropic. We well remember when we first made their acquaintance. We had been walking a Banffshire hill as a boy, or rather a child, labouring behind a double-barrel a world too heavy for us. We had toiled all the day and killed nothing, naturally shooting far below everything we aimed at. When garnishing the crest of a long bank of cut peat, we were woke up by seeing a thick fringe of graceful heads and shoulders.

We enfiladed that fringe with sanguinary good fortune. The plovers merely rose, swarmed above us, and settled again, and so we went on following them up till the game-bag was rather heavier than the gun. As for the wild ducks, we never could understand why the Shepherd protests he has no pity for them. We have always delighted in the duck as embodying the element of surprise, and keeping damped expectation tolerably up to the mark. He will seek cover in every ditch or delight himself in any moss-hole. You prick your ears to the quacking and squattering which is the preliminary to his rising with outstretched neck in lumbering flight. Even experts are apt to be fluttered, and shoot too quick; otherwise it would be next to impossible to miss. But give the duck a chance, and let him get into his swing, and away he goes with snipe-like velocity. How often have we stood in silent disgust, staring or duck-gazing, as we saw the couple high overhead, till almost lost to sight in narrowing circles, in the certainty that they would soon come down without serious shifting of their quarters!

MONEY MATTERS.

THE deepening of the Currency crisis in the United States is causing much anxiety in the City. The banking panic in Australia is of itself only too well calculated to inspire apprehension and to warn bankers to prepare against contingencies. But a serious crisis in the United States would be a much more formidable matter, considering the magnitude of the country's business, the vastness of the connexion between the United States and the United Kingdom, and the scale upon which British capital is invested in American securities. That there must be a crisis, however, is growing more and more probable every day. President Cleveland has now been in office two months, and he has done nothing to reassure the public. That is no fault of his, for he is not responsible for the unwise policy that has brought the Union to such a pass. But high hopes were entertained that he would somehow solve the problem, and the disappointment is all the greater as the months pass and he is seen to be powerless. The withdrawals of gold from the Treasury continue on a great scale. It has always hitherto been understood that the law required the Treasury to keep 20 millions sterling in gold as a reserve to ensure the redemption of the greenbacks. But for about a fortnight now the reserve has been under the 20 millions—generally about half a million sterling. The President has been urged to issue bonds for the purpose of getting gold; but he has declined to do so. If he could in any way arrange that the bonds should be taken in Europe, and not sold again in the United States, he would probably have agreed to issue them. But there is no way of arranging that, and he is naturally unwilling to increase the permanent debt of the Union, without any chance of averting the crisis, for the mere sake of continuing to purchase silver. But as the withdrawals of gold from the Treasury are on such a scale that, if something had not been done, alarm would certainly have sprung up, the President has borrowed on a considerable scale from the banks throughout the country. The banks have assisted him with great public spirit; but, nevertheless, as already said, the reserve in the Treasury is below what, according to the law, it ought to be. The Treasury has got the gold from the banks not by the issue of bonds, but by exchanging for it Treasury notes that bear no interest and are legal tender. In all internal transactions those notes pass freely from hand to hand; but for all that the exchange has very seriously weakened the banks. Hitherto since resumption the banks, taking them altogether, have held about half of their total reserves in gold, besides the greater part of the remainder in gold certificates which could be exchanged at the Treasury for gold. Now that the banks have been lending on such a scale to the Treasury their gold has been diminishing very rapidly, while the Treasury is no better off than it was before, as the metal is taken for export as soon as it is received. The public, therefore, is becoming alarmed lest the banks, in assisting the Treasury, are preparing to add a banking crisis to the existing currency crisis. As a matter of fact, the banks find it necessary to lessen the accommodation they give to their customers. They have been reducing their loans and discounts on an extraordinary

scale for a considerable time past, and lately they have been calling in loans that they had previously made. The customers of the banks are thus placed in a very dangerous position. In the City, if the joint-stock banks adopted a course of the kind, their customers have always the Bank of England to fall back upon. But there is no institution in the United States which performs the functions which the Bank of England performs here. When, therefore, the banks generally begin to call in loans, borrowers find themselves in danger of being ruined from the very impossibility of getting cash. They may be perfectly solvent—their assets, that is to say, may be excellent, and may far exceed their liabilities in value; but, if nobody will buy from them and no banker will lend, they cannot obtain cash to fulfil their engagements. Accordingly, during the past few weeks, the rate of interest has sometimes run up to 10, 20, and occasionally to as much as 40 per cent.; borrowers being willing to pay almost anything to get accommodation for the moment. It is clear that, if the Treasury continues borrowing from the banks, and if the banks to help it have to go on calling in loans, there is very likely to be a commercial panic, and that after a while may lead to a run upon the banks. The danger, of course, may be averted in some way; but it certainly is so probable as to justify the anxiety felt in the City.

The enforced five days' Bank holiday in Melbourne has not fulfilled the hopes of the Government, as we feared it would not. On the last day of the five the Colonial Bank of Australasia suspended. It was a purely Victorian bank, with eighty-two branches. The paid-up capital amounted to 406,000*l.*, being 7*l.* per share of nominally 10*l.* each. At the date of the last balance-sheet the deposits amounted to 3,365,000*l.*, of which only about 160,000*l.* were raised in this country. A far more serious failure was that of the Bank of Victoria, which was announced on Tuesday afternoon. It had a paid-up capital of 600,000*l.*, or 5*l.* per share, there being another 5*l.* callable, and 10*l.* per share liability in case of liquidation. There is thus a total liability of 15*l.* per share; and there was a reserve fund of 235,000*l.* On the last day of December the total liabilities amounted to about 8½ millions, of which a million and a quarter were due to depositors in this country. Since then it is stated that the deposits have fallen to 6,700,000*l.*, of which about 1,200,000*l.* are due to depositors in this country. Of the colonial deposits, about a million and a half are said to be due to the Victorian Government, but that must be an exaggeration. The bank has been talked of for some months; but as it had held out so long, it had come to be hoped that it would tide over the crisis. Still, no well-informed person has been surprised at the suspension.

The constant failures within the present year—as many as eight have occurred, not counting the Standard Bank, and the aggregate liabilities amount to about 63 millions—naturally are creating much uneasiness in the City. The banks are restricting their transactions. At the Fort-nightly Settlement on the Stock Exchange, which began on Wednesday, they called in a considerable proportion of the loans they had previously made. As for a couple of days previously they had been notifying their intention to do this to members of the Stock Exchange, on Monday and Tuesday there was forced selling by speculators on a large scale, which excited a very apprehensive feeling. Alarmist rumours of the wildest kind were put in circulation. For most of these there appears to be not the slightest foundation. It is a matter of course that such a crash must very seriously inconvenience merchants trading with Australia, and it is not improbable that some of them may be compelled to close their doors. But there seems no ground for fearing that the failures will be on a very considerable scale; for it is to be recollected that trade has been greatly depressed in the colonies for nearly two years, and that, in fact, a commercial crisis preceded the banking crisis. Besides, just now there is a good market for wool, and the merchants are less dependent, because of their wool sales, than at other seasons on remittances from the colonies. The precautions taken by the joint-stock banks compelled the bill-brokers to restrict their transactions, and naturally there has been much discrimination exercised in the taking of bills. Persons in very good credit have no difficulty in getting all the accommodation they require in the open market, but those not so well circumstanced have had to apply to the Bank of

England for advances. During the first half of the week the opinion was so general that the Bank-rate would be raised that bill-brokers in almost every case stipulated for an additional payment in case a change occurred; and on Thursday the Directors of the Bank raised their rate to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. There has been some disappointment at this, as the general expectation was that the advance would be to 4 per cent. The Australian banks are sending out another half-million in gold to Melbourne this week.

The stringency in the money market makes Indian bankers unwilling to discount their bills, and consequently their applications for India Council drafts on Wednesday were on a small scale. Of the 60 lakhs of rupees offered for tender, the Council sold little over 28 lakhs. That caused a break in the silver market, in which, in fact, there were no transactions during the day. On Thursday the price was $38\frac{1}{2}$ d. per oz.

There is a hitch in the negotiations between Lord Rothschild's Committee and the Argentine Finance Minister. The Committee would be willing to recommend the acceptance of the Minister's offer by the bondholders generally, the reduction of the interest on the Funding Loan from 6 per cent. to 5 per cent., and the suspension for ten years of the 1886 Sinking Fund, if the Minister would increase the annual sum payable by 100,000*l.* It is not expected that he will do so. If he does not, it is feared that the offer will be rejected, because the house which brought out the 1886 loan refuses to permit the interest on that loan to be reduced, and the other bondholders are hardly likely to submit to great sacrifices if that loan is to be paid in full.

A correspondent complains that, in our remarks upon the Currency crisis in the United States, we have not allowed for the influx of gold that will be caused by the Chicago Exhibition. We have not allowed for it, because we do not believe in a great influx. But, even if we were wrong, the Exhibition is a mere incident which can have no permanent influence upon the Currency crisis.

The money stringency, the anxieties caused by the Australian crash, and the resignation of the Greek Ministry have led to a very heavy fall in all departments of the Stock Exchange. Greek bonds have suffered very seriously. So has the American market, and so has the South African. At the Fortnightly Settlement, which began upon Wednesday, the banks charged from 4 to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and within the House rates were very stiff—from 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. in the American market, and in the South African sometimes from 30 to 40 per cent.

There has been a further fall this week in Australian bank shares. Thus, Bank of New South Wales shares closed on Thursday at 54, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 2; those of the Union Bank of Australia closed at 45, a fall of $2\frac{1}{2}$; those of the Bank of Australasia closed at $65\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of 4. Australian Government bonds also gave way. New Zealand Three and a Half closed on Thursday at $94\frac{3}{4}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $1\frac{1}{2}$; New South Wales Three and a Half closed at $89\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of 2; Victoria Three and a Half closed at $85\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of $2\frac{1}{4}$; and Queensland Three and a Half closed at 83, also a fall of $2\frac{1}{4}$. In Home Railway stocks there has likewise been a general decline. North-Western closed on Thursday at 168 $\frac{3}{4}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $1\frac{1}{2}$; Great Western closed at 158 $\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{2}$; Midland closed at 158 $\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{2}$; and Caledonian undivided closed at 115, a fall of $2\frac{1}{4}$. In the American department there has been a very sharp fall. Milwaukee shares closed at 72 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $4\frac{1}{2}$; Lake Shore shares closed at 125 $\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of $3\frac{3}{4}$; and Illinois Central closed at 98 $\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of 3. Argentine Railway stocks have likewise given way. Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed on Thursday at 69-71, a fall of 6 compared with the preceding Thursday; and Buenos Ayres Great Southern closed at 108-10, a fall of 4. Argentine Government Five per Cents of '86 closed at 69 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $2\frac{1}{2}$, and the Funding Loan closed at 69 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $3\frac{1}{2}$. In the international market by far the greatest fall has been in Greek bonds on the indefinite postponement of the projected loan and the resignation of the Ministry. The 1881 bonds closed on Thursday at 59, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as 14 $\frac{1}{2}$. And generally there

has been a decline. Thus Egyptian Unified closed at 99 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of 1; German Three per Cent. Scrip closed at 85, also a fall of 1; and French Rentes closed at 95 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $\frac{3}{4}$.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

THE large figure-subject may be treated from more than one point of view. The figure may serve as pretext for fine line, as the *raison d'être* of draperies, and as the fitting foil of gorgeous colouring in schemes of decorative art. The President usually sends a great canvas in which some subject is imagined under a decorative aspect. "Rizpah" (159), not a large canvas for Sir F. Leighton, strikes us by the ingenious fitting in of the elements and the clever adaptation of the composition to the necessary upright lines. Perhaps a solemn colouring somewhat melted to a key would have been more appropriate to the subject. We prefer the graver aspect of Sir Frederick's smaller upright "Corinna of Tanagra" (224). If any one looks for other examples of decorative art of Sir F. Leighton's kind at Burlington House, he will be disappointed. One, indeed, can find painters who scarcely touch the chord of realistic association in their work, but too often this comes from inability and not from devotion to some other point of view. In many cases pictures aimed at truth have hit beauty more nearly than others whose professed target was decoration. That is to say, they are broader, stronger, and more concentrated in effect. The commonest fate of the picture, however, seems to be the pursuit of mixed aims in which none are seriously followed. Decoration becomes a sort of weak prettiness; audacious imagining is timidly carried out; and naturalness of aspect refuses to bear examination. Mr. Hacker's large picture, "The Sleep of the Gods" (375), is somewhat in this case, and yet it is, perhaps, the best of the many of its sort. Mr. Hacker has an unquestionable gift of colour, and here he shows it more than ever. But whereas he once understood the value of simplicity, now he seems inclined to forget it for the meretricious interest of complexity. This makes realization of his dream doubly difficult, and, as we have hinted in former years, realization is not Mr. Hacker's strong point. His intentions are always above his powers of execution; and the construction of "Sleep of the Gods" perplexes one the more as one looks the longer. An undeniably poetic idea is not supplemented by sincere observation of the values of colour and the force of light on different planes. Yet on such truths does the satisfactoriness of the picture very clearly depend, for the lovely colour scheme is realistic. It may be said that complexity was inseparable from the wide subject Mr. Hacker has embraced on his canvas. All the more reason, then, for something broader and more truthful in the general structure, and something more sculptural in the treatment of the figures. As it is, after the first glow of admiring surprise at the unusual and exquisite colouring, one teases oneself by vainly trying to determine the relative positions of objects on the canvas. Legs, torsos, heads, branches, grass, &c., all resist and baffle any consistent explanation. As the thing could not well have been wrapped in mystery, it should have been simplified and strengthened that it might support the light of reality. Mr. George Boughton's "Vision at the Martyr's Well" (268) is established on a better foundation; less matter is taken in, and what is has been more logically dealt with. Yet the vision lacks the charm of Mr. Hacker's colour, and the realization of the figure depends too much on commonplace treatment of folds.

Some subjects require a treatment fairly realistic, but elevated, as they might occur in reality, though not in ordinary life. Breadth and style at least are necessary to give dignity to these large canvases, if not the unusual or the poetic vision. Mr. Briton Rivière, Mr. Calderon, Mr. John Collier, and Sir John Millais contribute canvases of this kind, in which considerations of costume, staging, drama, and choice of effect largely operate. In modern realism these things are almost provided by Nature as part of the subject; in the more historical work they belong rather to the treatment. Mr. Collier's "Glass of Wine with Caesar Borgia" (426) appeals to us the most strongly by far of these pictures. Mr. Collier arranges his canvas so that the figures strike one with much force as a concentrated group well within the grasp of the eye. Moreover, the attitudes

and the expressions of the faces are most telling and most appropriate, and give the last touch to a highly dramatic picture. Nothing in the chief elements of this composition is the least superfluous or indifferent. But, perhaps, the colour may be a little ordinary, and accessories such as wall-patterns and dresses a trifle hard and importunate. Sir John Millais's "Girlhood of Saint Theresa" (42) leaves too strong a memory of the embroidered dress, and too faint a recollection of the rest of the picture. In "Elizabeth Woodville" (210) Mr. Calderon shows improvement; but not without recalling the work of men like Gigoux in the earlier part of the century. Delaroche, Cabanel, and others issued a better edition of the professional story picture, keeping, however, this same general scheme, with its hard reliefs and brown air. Mr. Briton Rivière's work, "The King's Libation" (87), captures the eye at once by its striking aspect, but fails to retain it by good execution. The workmanship lacks charm, and the quality of the whole thing is wanting in truth and subtlety. The figure of the king, nevertheless, remains a grand conception finely composed, even if surrounded by accessory that is commonplace, though well-sustained in design.

In spite of those critics who jibe at "important works," large pictures demand great power of style, and so are more difficult to handle than small ones. Probably, these jibers know no better than to treat a large canvas as a small one, in which case, truly, it merely takes longer to execute, and results in a much more palpable display of faults. There are certainly imaginative views of things suited to a large scale; as, for instance, the ideas of Mr. Dicksee, Mr. Collier, Mr. Hacker, Mr. Boughton, and Mr. Rivière. In spite of certain failures in the carrying out, they have composed their ideas as big subjects.

We must pass to the more distinctly open-air phases of art, and for the most part to smaller canvases, among which are some of the best things of the Academy. One need not underline the distinction between the older realism and the newer, broader realism; for the latter is but a mode of the former, and a picture need not present an extravagant strangeness of aspect even if allied to the art of Velasquez, Corot, Whistler, and their kind. If, however, one must make a distinction, one might say that the impressionist chiefly values the estimate of personal feeling about a quality of nature, the realist the demonstrable external fact. People of every shade of creed, from the most photographic realism to a fairly pronounced breadth of vision, now exhibit at the Academy.

That somewhat dry stick, the Newlyn school, has budded, like Aaron's rod, into colour on all its branches, while the parent stem—Mr. Stanhope Forbes—remains sternly and severely grey. Of all its blossoms, the most highly coloured is Mr. Brangwyn, who was but lately the greyest of the grey. His "Slave Market" (851) glows with patches of full colours, too much unmodified by the top-lighting, which casts blue sheens on the dark naked bodies of the slaves. Mr. Bramley's "After Fifty Years" (815) seems to us unnecessarily and unwisely large for the subject, and for the somewhat over-delicate and affected harmony of complementary colour. We also wish Mr. Melton Fisher's "Music" (328) smaller in size, and more subtle in modelling. Yet both canvases possess the charm of a large manner, free handling, and striking colour. Quieter pictures, more naturally open air both in subject and treatment, by Messrs. La Thangue, Crawford, Strang, Stanhope Forbes, and D. F. Robinson, are more likely to please the lover of nature. These pictures have a pronounced landscape interest in them, more especially "A Breezy Day" (25), in which Mr. Robinson gives us a splendidly broad rendering of coast marine scenery. But if we wish for a little stronger stimulation, something with the snap of audacious style added to realism, we should go to Mr. Clausen or Mr. Waterhouse. Mr. Clausen, in "Evening Song" (923), amongst other qualities, aims at getting the prismatic vibration of light. There can be no doubt that this play of colour is a source of lively pleasure in the real light of nature. Brought into pigment, it introduces other qualities of scratchiness and stippling which make us pay somewhat dearly for our amusement. Nevertheless we cannot easily overrate the vivacity, freshness, and real open-air sentiment of "An Evening Song." In his contributions to the present exhibitions, for instance "La Belle Dame sans Merci" (149), Mr. Waterhouse indicates something of the sharp biting quality of fresh air without cutting up his light or making his handling too obvious.

His scheme of colour is broad, piquant, natural, and yet decorative. In comparison with such work even Mr. Tuke's straightforward modelling of the nude figure in "A Woodland Bather" (117) seems somewhat small and prosaic. Miss Ethel Wright pays more attention to structure in her picture "Echo" (115) than she did in her last year's work.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY CONVERSAZIONE.

DIGNITY without any impudence is the accepted characteristic of the annual May soiree of the Royal Society. That held on Wednesday evening reflected some of the glory of the great State function earlier in the day, and was brightened also by a more lavish display of orders than a scientific assemblage usually boasts. The principal occupation was, as always, conversation; and the subdued roar of lecture-trained voices almost drowned the sharp rattle of electrical discharges in the screened-off library bays. Yet the forty exhibits, save two, were full of freshness and interest; and it was good to see a palaeontologist contemplating the latest development in electrical mechanism, and a meteorologist solacing his enforced leisure by shy glances at many-horned fossil reptiles.

Three of the exhibits took the form of lectures in the meeting-room, delivered in the dark, and illustrated by optical projections with the apparatus now grown indispensable, which from the variety of its uses might fitly revert to its nursery title of magic lantern. Lord Armstrong showed a number of the most remarkable electrical experiments, performed in the lantern, and thrown, much enlarged, on the screen. The electrification of water in two vessels caused a cotton thread connecting them to become surrounded by a current of water flowing along it; and then a second current of water flowing in the opposite direction, inside the first, carried the thread entirely out of one vessel into the other, and on reversal carried it back again. Professor Marshall Ward illustrated a very happy discovery which may make even farmers thankful for the genial anticyclone which has been brooding over our islands since early in March. He demonstrated that sunlight, or the electric light, kills the spores of bacteria and fungi; and the stronger and longer the sunshine the more effective a germicide it is. Our long bright spring will thus do more than the short sharp winter to kill off the lingering germs of the cholera and influenza fiends.

Electricity held the first place throughout the exhibition. Sir David Salomons and Mr. Pyke showed a number of machines for producing high-tension effects, including one which gave a million alternations of current per minute. The many-coloured luminous glow of vacuum tubes placed in the field of this discharge without metallic connexions contrasted brilliantly with the feeble, yellow light of an incandescent lamp actuated by the same current. Vacuum tubes without wires may haply be the domestic light-givers of the future. Heat-measurement was also well illustrated from the recording thermo-electric pyrometer of Professor Roberts Austin, adapted for a seven-times-heated furnace, to the compensated air-thermometer, shown by Mr. Callender, reading to the thousandth of a degree Fahrenheit. A new material for high-temperature thermometers, is an alloy of sodium and potassium which is liquid at ordinary temperatures, as limpid and as light as water, and can be heated to 1,200° F., but indistinguishable by the eye from quicksilver.

Apart from many records of research graphically recorded in coloured charts and diagrams, there were numerous examples of practical applications of science to agriculture, metallurgy, mining, and even to fine art. The most ancient and august of our learned Societies has grown hugely since the Royal founder propounded his puerile puzzles, or the immortal Mr. Pepys occupied its Presidential chair. It holds the promise of future growth, retaining also admirable opportunities for reform.

THEATRES.

EASY as it is not to write a bad play, it should be still easier not to make a bad adaptation from an impossible original. Ingenious though M. Alexandre Bisson may be in the matter of construction, it would appear to most people that the adroit indelicacies of his farce, *La Famille Pont-Biquet*, might well be let alone, so far as the English stage is concerned. Mr. F. Horner, however, has

thought differently, with the result that *The Great Unpaid* was produced at the Comedy Theatre on Tuesday evening. If there has been any intention here to satirize the body of English magistrates, after the gay, irresponsible manner of Mr. Henry Labouchere or otherwise, it may be as well to explain at once that any such purpose must of necessity be ineffectual, since the adaptation utterly fails to translate the French magistrates into their English equivalents, and that, although English names are used, they are just as little English, in any possible sense, as they are French. The motive and material of both original and adaptation are purely farcical, though it cannot be said that Mr. Horner has succeeded in catching the bright spirit of his model. For this there are two reasons, one of which is the baffling complexity of the plot. The other is the impossibility of reproducing in this country the reason given in the original for the deafness of the elderly magistrate, whom Mr. Horner calls Mr. Knight-Williams. In fact, throughout, although nearly every one of any importance in the play is engaged in some sort of more or less disreputable intrigue, the motives of the various characters are by no means clearly or satisfactorily defined. Whatever success was gained on Tuesday night must be attributed entirely to the excellent company engaged in the piece. The part of Montague Clements, the son-in-law with a diplomatic mission, is scarcely within the line of character with which we have been used to associate Mr. W. H. Vernon; but, with tact and discretion, he succeeded in making the character sufficiently diverting. As the elder magistrate, Mr. Cyril Maude gave a carefully studied character-sketch. Miss Mary Rorke had but one opportunity as Mrs. Montague Clements, an explosion of jealousy, but used it with great skill. Mr. de Lange achieved a high pitch of perfection within a small compass. Among the successes of the evening, the very clever acting of Mr. H. V. Esmond as the "Man Fish," the husband of the invisible Paquita, must not be overlooked. Indeed, the whole cast was worthy of a better play.

The revival of *Time will Tell*, the play by Mr. Herbert Gardner, M.P., which was originally produced at Bridge-water House in May 1882, is principally remarkable as the occasion of introducing Mr. Arthur Bromley Davenport, already well and favourably known as an amateur actor, to the London professional stage. We are not prying too impertinently into Mr. Davenport's motives when we assume that the play was selected on account of the supposed fitness of the new recruit for the part of Count Czernoeski. This was originally played by Mr. Tree, who made one of his early successes in it. Mr. Tree is clearly Mr. Davenport's model, and if we must complain of the almost slavish fidelity of the copy in voice, manner, and gesture, not to say even in mannerism, the younger actor must have at least the credit which belongs to the accurate copyist. It is not his only virtue, however. In fact, it is his greatest danger, and he will be wise to abandon the momentary effect produced by a skilful imitation, and gives his unquestionable aptitude for stage-work a fair chance on broader and more original lines. His voice is good, his elocution is distinctly above the average when he does not allow himself to be hurried into indistinctness, and we should be inclined to say that his knowledge of stage walking and deportment is too great, were it not for the lamentable ignorance of both these essential arts on the part of most young actors, professional as well as amateur. On the one hand, it is only fair to acknowledge the sterling support he received at the hands of Mr. Sant Matthews as a conventional wicked old Duke; Mr. Herbert Waring, Mr. W. T. Lovell, Mr. William Herbert in a firm and youthful rendering of a youthful part; by Miss Vane Feataerstone in a character unworthy of her power, and by Miss Eva Moore in two parts, in the girlish gaiety of the second of which she was distinctly better than in the other, because the second was more natural and effortless. She deserves greater credit for the earlier part as a genuine attempt at serious acting which is likely to be attended with greater success if it is repeated in the same spirit. On the other hand, we must protest against the loud, offensive tone adopted by Mr. Lestocq as Clodsworth, the parliamentary agent. On the stage, as elsewhere, the prejudice against attorneys still lingers; but nowadays parliamentary agents, though they may give way to the fashionable vice of clipping their final g's, are educated men, do not habitually drop their h's, and do occasionally behave like gentlemen.

REVIEWS.

POEMS BY TWO BROTHERS.*

WE do not recently remember a nicer "Present for a Good Critic" than the reprint, after six and sixty years, of *Poems by Two Brothers*. It should, to be absolutely correct, have been by "Three," for there are four representatives of that long-lived and still fruitful vine, the muse of Mr. Frederick Tennyson. The combined good offices of this venerable gentleman, of his nephew, the present Lord, and of the publishers, have presented the book with as near an attribution of its several contents as can now be attained. But both Lord Tennyson and his uncle enter a caveat against the attribution being taken as absolute. Mr. Tennyson's memory, as any one else's would be, is of course in the circumstances fallible; and the handwriting in the recently-recovered MS. is known not to be a safe guide. Accordingly, Lord Tennyson requests that the poems here attributed to "A. T." may not be included in any future edition of his father's works. It is to be feared that when the copyright period is out this request may not be scrupulously attended to; but the circumstances will always impose upon any conscientious editor the duty of relegating them to a "doubtful" appendix.

It so happens that the Good Critic before referred to (and no others need apply) will not find his Present much marred by this slight uncertainty. There is, we think, a difference discernible between most of the poems here signed C. T. and most of those here signed A. T., sufficient to confirm the existing attribution. But it so happens that those points about the volume which make it really interesting to the Good Critic are more or less present in both divisions. It has always been known that early judges, good and other, thought Charles rather the better poet of the two; and the late Mr. Tennyson-Turner no doubt retained till his death a considerable and sufficiently individual faculty of verse. But what is so intensely interesting to us about these "A. T." poems, and about the rest of the book—granting the possibility of some of it being "A. T." in masquerade—is that on the very best and maturest of our critical honour and conscience, we see absolutely nothing in the entire volume as originally published which in the very slightest degree to a sane and expert critical taste can foretell the future poet at all. We say "as originally published," for Messrs. Macmillan and Lord Tennyson have, with great judgment, included not merely the MS. poems, respecting which nobody knows why they were not printed, but *Timbuctoo*. In *Timbuctoo* there is the dawn—or at least the "false dawn," the faint premonitory glow—of the Tennyson that we know, and that all of us (except, to our grief, Mr. Arthur Balfour) love and honour but a little this side idolatry. In the *Poems by Two Brothers* there is not.

We are thus positive, because divers excellent persons who are not only ready to seek, but to discover *midnight à quatorze heures*, have made the contrary assertion, and because it is in the nature of things certain that it should be made. One honest and modest kind of man will think that the likeness must be there, whether he can see it or not; and another less honest, and not modest at all, will go a little further, and swear that he sees it. But we will venture our critical head on it that it is not there. It does not by any means follow that because these "A. T." poems (of which, be it remembered, the most mature was written when its author was not seventeen) are not Tennysonian, they are not good, though it cannot be said that they are very good. To speak with the utmost critical candour, they are about as good or about as bad as most minor poetry, written by very young persons who are very fond of verse, and have assiduously studied certain models. Positively and intrinsically nothing more can be said of them. We have read the "A. T." poems carefully through and through without discovering more than one or two passages, or rather lines, which have distinct merit. The best of them is the couplet,

The thunder of the brazen prows
O'er Actium's ocean rung,

and even here it will be observed that, though the first line is almost first rate, the writer (soon to be a perfect master of the whole vowel-scale of English) did not see that "rang," not "rung," was imperatively called for to satisfy the ear in the second.

But the positive or intrinsic goodness or badness of the poems is as nothing to the interest of their comparative character. At this period, to judge from them, the boy who wrote them knew nothing of Keats, little or nothing of Shelley, not much of the older Englishmen. On the contrary, he had read and followed Scott certainly—Wordsworth, we think, here and there. He knew the eighteenth-century men, and appears to have taken

Mason as his first model for wooden Pindarics, which were soon—how soon it is a perfect mystery and marvel to remember—to blossom into the gorgeous flowers of the “Ode to Memory.” Above all, he had read Byron and Moore, and he copied them both over and over again in cantering anapests and neatly trotting iambs which seem a thousand years away from *Isabel* and *Mariana*, from the *Sea Fairies* and the *Dying Swan*. Let it be remembered, always remembered, that these delightful pieces, and that the still more incomparable poems which some of us think he never greatly exceeded, the *Palace of Art*, the *Lotus Eaters*, the *Dream of Fair Women*, were published, the one set three, the other five years only after their author had written this:—

I will hang thee, my Harp, by the side of the fountain,
On the whispering branch of the lone-waving willow:
Above thee shall rush the hoarse gale of the mountain,
Below thee shall tumble the dark breaking billow.
The winds shall blow by thee, abandon'd, forsaken,
The wild gales alone shall arouse thy sad strain;
For where is the heart or the hand to awaken
The sounds of thy soul-soothing sweetness again?
Oh! Harp of my fathers!
Thy chords shall decay,
One by one with the strings
Shall thy notes fade away;
Till the fiercest of tempests
Around thee may yell,
And not waken one sound
Of thy desolate shell!

and this:—

We meet no more—the die is cast,
The chain is broke that tied us,
Cur every hope on earth is past,
And there's no helm to guide us:
We meet no more—the roaring blast
And angry seas divide us!
And I stand on a distant shore,
The breakers round me swelling;
And lonely thoughts of days gone o'er
Have made this breast their dwelling:
We meet no more—We meet no more:
Farewell for ever, Ellen!

Yes! the author of *Adeline* and *Oriana*, of *Margaret* and *Eleanore* gives us the choice of “Elling” or “swellin’.” The difference is all the more interesting because the youthful poet was already meditating many of the very themes which he afterwards immortalized. Here, too, we have a *Memory* compared with whom her younger sister is a Cinderella indeed. Thus does the poor thing begin—

Memory! dear enchanter!
Why bring back to view
Dreams of youth, which banter
All that e'er was true?

Why present before me
Thoughts of years gone by,
Which, like shadows o'er me,
Dim in distance fly?

Days of youth, now shaded
By twilight of long years,
Flowers of youth, now faded,
Though bath'd in sorrow's tears.

To hear behind this the organ swell of “Thou who stealst fire” is an experience indeed. Here, too, is a poem written by an “Exile of Bassorah while sailing down the Euphrates,” but in such a different shallop from his who shortly sang the golden prime of Good Haroun Alraschid! In many places—it is the one Tennysonian velleity that we discover—there is the attempt to use proper names for the strengthening and varying of the verbal music in which not even Hugo was to be the writer's master later, but in which he now has no mastery whatever. Never to our knowledge was a poet's first speech so utterly destitute of even one of the accents that afterwards became characteristic of it. Not Scott's eleven-year-old translation from Virgil; not Dryden's schoolboy conceits on the death of Lord Hastings; least of all, *Hours of Idleness*, which really is not so very unlike the future Byron without his strength—exhibits a stage so absolutely anterior to the “finding of the way” as this.

Timbuctoo must have been written within some two years at most after the latest of the poems included in the *Two Brothers* volume, and lo! here is Tennyson. He is a very young and small Tennyson, a kind of embryo Alfred; but he is there. As we read:—

The clear galaxy
Shorn of its hoary lustre, wonderful,
Distinct and vivid with sharp points of light,

Blaze within blaze, an unimagined depth
And harmony of planet-girded suns
And moon-encircled planets, wheel in wheel,
Arch'd the wan sapphire.

“Our heart leaps up as we behold the rainbow in the sky,” the rainbow of the word “wonderful,” and hear the first stammer of the cadence, ever afterwards to be known as Tennysonian. The poet had been learning this cadence from Milton, and was adjusting it with tentative hand or tongue to something between Milton's and his own future license of tribrach and slur.

And the stars
Were flooded over with clear glory and pale,

is a phrase as distinct from anything to be found in the 1827 volume as the best lines of the *Lotus Eaters*. Here, too, is the new Tennysonian veracity of impression, not, of course, at its best, but visible in

Such coloured spots as dance about the eyes
Of those that gaze upon the noonday sun.

Here is at least the beginning, not merely of the Tennysonian phrase, and the Tennysonian cadence, and the Tennysonian vision, but of something like the Tennysonian blank-verse paragraph, which was to give us later the splendours of *Enone* and *Ulysses*, of the *Morte d'Arthur* and Lancelot's vision of the Holy Grail. He had read Shelley now, and he had read and re-read Milton. He was in the Promised Land, and Moore and Mason and Byron and Beattie were left behind in the wilderness. We have more than once wondered why he never chose to include this, of course immature and imitative, but exceedingly striking and interesting, poem among his works. It is a thousand times better than that dreadful “Shipping Rope” which he kept so long, certainly not worse than more than one of the things which, after expelling them, he replaced; while it is at least the equal of the somewhat earlier *Lover's Tale*, which he exhumed not so very long ago. The reason may have been the kind of ridicule which attaches (stupidly enough) to University prize poems; or it may have been a sort of coyness of the artist conscious that this was his first characteristic work, conscious at the same time of its imperfection, and unwilling to expose it to the criticism of “children and fools.” But at least we may hope that Lord Tennyson's deprecation of inclusion with his father's works does not extend to this.

And it is so pleasant to turn back from it to things like this:—

To sit beside a chrystal spring,
Cool'd by the passing zephyr's wing,
And bend my every thought to thee,
Is life, is bliss, is ecstasy!

And as within that spring I trace
Each line, each feature of my face;
The faithful mirror tells me true—
It tells me that I think of you!

That was how “A. T.” wrote at an age at which many poets, inferior by almost the whole height of Parnassus to himself, have done very pretty things. And before five years were over he had added to English lyric poetry not one or two, but many, pieces of music in words which, for variety, originality, and charm, no English poet in his own day except Shelley had equalled, and which no one else for much more than a century had even approached. This was the doing of the Lord of poetry, and it is marvellous in our eyes to this day.

NOVELS.*

THE Story of John Trevennick is a simple and straightforward record of the fortunes of a simple, though not always, it must be confessed, straightforward, young man who attempts to retrieve the damage which an Oxford career has inflicted on his finances by running cargoes of smuggled brandy to the Cornish coast in his father's yacht. Betrayed to the authorities by the false friend to whose suggestion the contraband scheme was due, he is cast adrift by his father, and, making his way to London, he treads that well-beaten track on which countless heroes of

* *The Story of John Trevennick*. By Walter C. Rhoades. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

The Marplot. By Sidney Royse Lysaght. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

That Hated Saron. By the Lady Greville. London: Ward & Downey. 1893.

The Last of the Dynamos. By Claude Bray. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1893.

A Son of Noah. By Mary Anderson. London: Digby, Long, & Co.

The Dance of the Hours. By the Author of “Vera.” London: Methuen & Co. 1893.

fiction have preceded him to the cheap lodgings and the harmless necessary pawnbroker. Rescued just as his affairs become desperate by the intervention of a beneficent stranger, he develops a talent for business and for the higher finance for which his earlier escapades had scarcely prepared us, and is enabled later on to rescue his father from ruin in a commercial crisis, and to checkmate the informer, who has by this time also become his rival in love. This worthy, Disney Roberts by name, appears but a shallow schemer, else he would scarcely have dispatched an important anonymous letter enclosed in an envelope of a special kind which he himself was known habitually to use. Such poor villains are hardly worth the trouble of unmasking. Mr. Rhoades's style is better than his matter; for, while the latter is not unfrequently trivial and conventional, the former is uniformly devoid of offence; moreover, let it be noted in his favour that his pen appears more happily employed in the delineation of the good than the bad among his characters, and this is something to be thankful for. Virtue without mawkishness or insipidity may be regarded as a fairly satisfactory set-off against abnormally transparent vice.

We do not often come across a better specimen of modern fiction than *The Marplot*. True, it treats occasionally of what is somewhat strong meat for the babes who are now numerous among novel-readers; but there is so pleasant a freshness in Mr. Lysaght's style, a style displaying in turn wit and knowledge of the world, that we feel little disposed to quarrel with his excursions on risky ground, especially as his digressions in that direction are always marked by tact and good taste. After all, save for the ultra-sensitive, the propriety or impropriety of a novel lies less in the thing itself than in the way in which the thing is done, less with the matter than with the manner of treatment; and so judged, Mr. Lysaght has little to fear from the critical tribunal. It must be confessed that we feel it a pity that his young people ever grew up, they are certainly pleasanter and more amusing company in their teens than they became in after years; but this complaint is, we acknowledge, merely an additional tribute to the accuracy of the author's delineation of life and character; for may not the same be said of many of us? Anyhow, there is no more amusing chapter in this book than that in which two boys exchange confidences on their respective love affairs. Connie, the extraordinary young woman whom the hero encounters at a travelling circus, and who so curiously links her fortunes with his, is described with no more than the touch of vulgarity inherent to the subject matter. Dick Mallory certainly makes a plentiful display of human weakness in his behaviour with regard to her, and his motives at the crisis of their marriage and his subsequent desertion of her are involved to the verge of incomprehensibility. At this point the scene is shifted to Ireland, and we seem in danger of straying into politics as there is for a few pages a strong suspicion of diluted leading article; but our author pulls himself together and deftly regains the novelist's proper sphere of fiction. He even succeeds in tackling the difficult episode of a duel—difficult, indeed, to set in modern surroundings without suggestion of incongruity or ridicule; nay, more, he makes that duel and its evolution see him through the whole of his third volume, wherein we accompany Dick Mallory on the Nile expedition to the relief of Khartoum, the incidents whereof Mr. Lysaght describes with spirit and not at undue length. We would gladly discuss at greater length the plot and characters of this striking novel, as gladly would we quote instances of the wit and wisdom of its author, but considerations of space forbid. Let those, however, who will not be frightened at trenchant and not unfrequent allusions to *liaisons*, unsanctioned by parson or registrar, lose no time in judging its merits for themselves.

When, to paraphrase Sir Peter Teazle, two young Englishmen take up their quarters for the hunting season in an Irish country-house wherein are two Irish girls, beautiful (of course) and of marriageable age, what can they or the reader expect? Accordingly, we are by no means surprised to find in Lady Greville's tale the Hated Saxons of the opening chapters and of the title becoming before we part from them the happy possessors of charming Hibernian brides. If the interest with which we follow the fortunes, both in love and sport, of Harry Colville and Captain Yelverton is somewhat languid, we must recollect that it is hard to generate much excitement over a tale all whose incidents seem strangely familiar; the conclusion is foregone from the very start, and the only question is how many moving accidents by flood and field, to say nothing of fire, shall be required to bring us to the inevitable "union of hearts." We miss, and are not sorry to miss, the incidents, which we had deemed almost indispensable to Irish fiction, of an eviction and a steeplechase; instead we have a spirited description of the stoppage of fox-hunting by a cowardly and unsportsmanlike mob of stone-throwing blackguards, and the consequent breaking-

up and sale of the M.F.H.'s establishment. Lady Greville writes pleasantly, if somewhat superficially; her ladies and gentlemen are ladies and gentlemen; but it might be objected that her Irish girls are only intermittently Hibernian, their brogue being—presumably for the sake of contrast—well to the fore in their conversations with the young Englishmen, but dwindling to vanishing point in the scenes where the sisters are together. Finally, let us sympathize with the author on the shock her illustrator's frontispiece must have given her. Without being unduly point device in his sporting attire, Harry Colville would never have dreamed of transgressing all the sumptuary laws of the hunting-field by turning out in the appalling combination of "pink" and a pot-hat in which Mr. Ellis has arrayed him.

No matter how great may be the vogue of the novel with a purpose, there will always be readers for the author who has but the old-fashioned and simple-minded purpose to amuse and interest; and Mr. Claude Bray may be congratulated on the command of an air of mystery, of that mystery which begets attention and arouses curiosity, one chapter stimulating the reader to the perusal of the next. The author of *The Last of the Dynmokes* is at his best where he is most original, in the earlier chapters of his book. The story opens admirably, both incidents and characters standing out, clearly and boldly defined, and we note for special commendation the clever differentiation of Henry Bromfield and Jamieson alias Hopkinson alias Hawkins, both men who have seen better days, who, with the birth and education of gentlemen, have become the one a New Forest keeper, the other a pattering vendor of quack medicines. Later on, the plot as it thickens betrays a tendency to swamp and overpower the individuality of its *dramatis personæ*, while the description of the weird abbey with its haunted rooms, mysterious noises, and the apparition of the "Corpse-Mass" in the ruined chapel, and above all with its uncanny master, the wicked old Squire—clinging desperately to life despite his burden of more than ninety years, hated by all who surround him, save by one faithful retainer—is unduly reminiscent of the style of the late Mr. Sheridan Lefanu. The principal characters, moreover, are by this time found, with scarcely an exception, to have something unpleasant to conceal about their past lives, and in consequence the *dénouement*, when the various threads of the plot come to be gathered up, and poetic justice has to be dealt out all round by a general disclosure of who is who, is somewhat artificial and lacking in the true ring; but the main secret, that of the identity of the old Squire's missing son, is excellently preserved, the suspicions of the reader being most deftly misled up to the very eve of the revelation.

The title of *A Son of Noah* is not to be taken figuratively, as in the case of Messrs. Besant and Rice's *This Son of Vulcan*, but absolutely and literally, inasmuch as the book is, or purports to be, a record of the gestes and faïtes of Shem the son of Noah, and is in fact an antediluvian romance. In an introductory chapter the author gives us to understand that she has "thought it desirable to keep to the Biblical phraseology," which means that Miss Anderson's English is, as near as she can make it, the English of the time of James I. Nothing is nowadays sacred from the novelist, and since the author of *Ben-Hur*, greatly daring, has fashioned a somewhat sensational tale out of the Gospel narrative itself, there is, we suppose, no reason why Noah and his family should escape a similar fate. If there be respectability in antiquity, then is the society to which this work introduces us absolutely unimpeachable; for not only do we make acquaintance with the builder of the ark and his family, but even visit Methuselah himself. The worst of attempting, in the form of fiction, to cope with so lofty a subject as the inner life of the patriarchs lies in the extreme risk which the writer runs of taking the one step which separates the sublime from the ridiculous. Japhet, we are told—though we know not on what warranty—"was given to mirth and much laughter, and he delighted in merriment and jesting. But Ham was of a sterner and more serious mood, and when a thing displeased him he was apt to grow sullen." The latter, however, as here pictured to us, had not yet developed the irreverent spirit elsewhere attributed to him, and is simply a robust, pugnacious nomad, in whose ingenuous statement that "a fight will be a welcome diversion" there is an Hibernian savour which may imbue us with fresh ideas as to the genesis of the Irish race. But it is for Shem that the superlatives of our author's commendations are reserved; he is the hero of her story, wherein he figures, with all reverence be it spoken of so Scriptural a personage, as a mixture of Bayard and Jack the Giant Killer. Gentle in love, terrible in war, generous in all things, he abounds in such sentiments as "There is no pleasure in the taking of such things as are not given freely," wherein he shows himself to be—if one may be allowed the expression—ininitely less Semitic than certain of his descendants.

There is in *A Son of Noah* plenty of fighting, but Miss Anderson does not particularly shine—nor is it to be expected, or indeed to be wished, that a lady should shine—as a chronicler of hard knocks and the shedding of blood; and it must be confessed that the description she gives of that terrible pterodactyle, the Mashtak, and its triumphant despatch at the hands of Shem and his companions, is startlingly reminiscent of that very uncanonical beast, the Jabberwock. In setting before us the picture of the Deluge, with which the book finishes, the writer certainly fails to rise to the height of her great argument, while the effect of anti-climax is increased by the fact that by this time the main crisis of each character's affairs is past, the heroine has become the wife of Shem, thereby practically guaranteeing her safety in the ark, and the dread giants and their henchmen are as dead as the Mashtak itself. Were it not, indeed, that a story about Noah and his sons must almost of necessity include the Deluge, there appears little need to mention it at all.

From the days of the Patriarchs it is a far cry to the essentially modern atmosphere of *The Dance of the Hours*, wherein is set forth the story of a well-intentioned gentleman, partly Englishman, partly Italian, partly banker, partly musician, who, after enduring much from broken health and an ill-assorted marriage, died of what the author is pleased to call "spontaneous rupture of the heart," while performing the first violin part in his *Suite Symphonique*, "The Dance of the Hours," in the presence of a large audience, including "a Royal Duke, himself an excellent musician," at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester. The narrative which conducts us to this *dénouement* is as full of allusions to recent and contemporary events as a "topical" song in a pantomime, ranging, as they do, from the emancipation of slaves in Brazil and the failure of the house of Baring to the Clan-na-Gael, the missing account-books of the Land League (of which we heard so much at the time of the Special Commission), the influenza, and the chloral habit, a death from an overdose of that drug being made an excuse for introducing a disquisition on its sale and properties, ludicrously out of place in a novel. This book gives us once again occasion to protest against the thoroughly objectionable habit of dragging into the pages of fiction the names of living personages, a liberty which we regard as utterly unwarrantable, and which is here, in the case of Mr. Manns (of the Crystal Palace), aggravated by the fact that the author, who mentions him more than once, persists in miscalling him "Mr. Mann."

IN AN OCEAN GARDEN.*

THIS is a sumptuous book: a large quarto volume, illustrated by no less than forty-eight plates in photomezzotype and sixteen in chromolithography. Such a complete study of a coral reef has never before been published. It deals not only with the natural history of the Great Barrier Reef, but also with the marine industries of that region, which are of no small importance to the colony of Queensland. The value of the pearl fishery annually amounts, on the average of the last five years, to 69,000*l.*; that of the *bêche de mer* and oyster fishery to 30,000*l.*; besides these, turtles, tortoises, and sponges are to be obtained, and the ordinary sea fishery of Queensland, as an industry, is yet in its infancy.

The author reckons the Great Barrier Reef of Australia among the wonders of the Universe. It is not less than 1,250 miles in length, extending practically from Torres Straits to near Bustard Head on the mainland, in latitude 24°, but the distance of its outer edge from the shore varies considerably. It is at first not more than thirty miles, and sometimes as little as twelve. Then it increases up to seventy miles, and at one point, where its continuity is less clearly defined, may extend as far as a hundred and fifty miles. The reef, however, is not so much an unbroken wall as a chain of detached reefs of variable lengths, with innumerable openings, only a few of which afford a secure passage to vessels. The line of reefs and islands, which forms its outer edge, acts like a breakwater to the waves of the Pacific, and encloses a relatively shallow sea, the navigation of which is quiet, though intricate, and occasionally somewhat perilous.

Mr. Saville-Kent's photographs and descriptions give a wonderfully vivid idea of these strange "toilers of the sea" in every respect but colour, and that the chromolithographs enable us to imagine. The photographs in many cases were taken under considerable difficulties, for the living part of the reef is only above water for a short time on each side of the turn of low tide. But here they are before us; branching madrepores, delicate lace-

works of stone, great masses of star-coral and of convoluted brain-coral, all crowded in thickets. Where the reef is still awash at high water, but is too near the surface for the polyps to live, it is clothed with living holothurids, as if with seaweed, from among which here and there a huge pair of clam shells (*tridacna*) rises up like a projecting rock from a bank of flowers. We can see the dislodged masses and torn-off boughs of dead coral, piled up by the waves to form the future land, and are even shown the limestone rock formed of their ruins and of the broken shells of molluscs. As on the outer edge of the Florida Keys, described by A. Agassiz, so here, the wealth of life appears to be something prodigious. But even more marvellous must be the display of colour on a calm day, as one looks down through the clear water on to the slope of a reef or the shallow sea-bed. The polyps alone rival flowers in the beauty and variety of their colours. Brilliant pink and purple, yellow and blue, all tints of green and more sober shades of brown, with delicate hues of lavender and grey. Not less splendid are the nullipores and sea-anemones, the trepangs and other holothurids, the feathery star-fishes and the strange-spined sea-urchins; while through the living forest the many-coloured molluscs creep slowly along, and the fishes, not less richly tinted, dart in and out.

Among these delightful pictures (some of which are separately published on an enlarged scale) it is difficult to single out any for special praise; but we have, perhaps, lingered longest over the Stagshorn Reef—a view over a low thicket of branching madrepores, like a common covered with gorse or heath—over the variety in the coral flower-beds on Low Barrier Reef, or the not less beautiful clumps, with the bushes half-hidden by water, in the two smaller photographs from Island Reef, and in that of the "submerged millepore" from Palm Islands Reef.

Mr. Saville-Kent devotes a chapter to the conflicting theories regarding the origin of coral reefs—namely, whether barrier reefs and atolls are generally indicative of subsidence, as Darwin taught, or whether his opponents are right in asserting the exact contrary. He is not able to bring many new facts to bear, but he has seen nothing to shake his faith in the general accuracy of Darwin's views, and he calls attention to one or two matters which indirectly are arguments of importance. For instance, he states that nowhere—except, possibly, to a very slight extent in the extreme north—does the Great Barrier Reef exhibit any signs of upheaval. Such as there may be, however, as nothing compared with the movement which is required in one "direction or the other to account for the construction of the Barrier's mass. Had it been fashioned during a prolonged period of upheaval, substantial evidence of such movement would be yielded by the strata of the seaboard which it skirts; but of this there is virtually none." Again, all the main breaches in the Barrier Reef are opposite to large estuaries; though they are at present too far away (from thirty to eighty miles) to be influenced by their waters. This certainly suggests very strongly that these channels correspond with gaps made by rivers in an original fringing reef. Mr. Saville-Kent also calls attention to the fact that the fauna of New Guinea is very closely related to that of Australia, and contains both mammals and flightless birds identical with those of North Queensland. A rise of ten fathoms would completely connect the two countries. This, however, of itself would not prove much, for it is well within the accepted limit of reef-coral growth; but probably that has partly blocked the Strait itself; for immediately outside the reef, opposite to the northern end of Queensland, the soundings rapidly deepen down to over 150—sometimes to more than 200 fathoms. Yet it is generally admitted that the reef-building corals do not flourish at a greater depth than at twenty-five, or at most thirty, fathoms. The fauna of Tasmania also indicates a connexion, though one much less recent, with Australia. The two countries are joined by a submarine plateau, but over this the minimum depth is not less than forty fathoms. Recent discoveries also in strata, presumably of early Pliocene age, at Darling Downs in Queensland, have even established a link between the faunas of Australia and of New Zealand; for these have yielded the bones of birds closely related to the Kiwi (*Apteryx*) and the Moa (*Dinornis*). The two regions are now severed by a channel full two thousand six hundred fathoms in depth, but it is a singular fact that the large plateau, west of New Zealand, throws off a very long spur in the direction of the southern end of the Great Barrier Reef. Thus all the evidence obtainable points to a very considerable extension of, and a long-continued subsidence in the region of Australasia. So Mr. Saville-Kent utters a word of warning to those who have talked about "a conspiracy of silence," and raised a premature pean of victory. "They will be well advised 'to bide a wee.' The Darwinian subsidence theory is by no means utterly defunct, and, from within the borders of the Great Barrier Reef and its environments, may yet receive the increment of direct

* *The Great Barrier Reef of Australia: its Products and Potentialities.* By W. Saville-Kent, F.L.S., F.Z.S., &c. London: Allen & Co. (Lim.)

evidence that is needed to rehabilitate it on a more substantial basis than that upon which it was originally founded."

Mr. Saville-Kent's account of the zoology of the coral reef is full of suggestive matter. Among it we note a curious case of the apparent recent extinction of two species of madrepora. In Moreton Bay

'the coralla of these may be obtained in abundance on their original site, exhibiting every appearance of having gradually and quietly succumbed to some newly invading conditions inimical to their welfare. . . . The most painstaking search, including numberless dredging operations, and the offer of substantial rewards to fishermen and others, utterly failed to bring to light evidence of the present existence of any living coralla of these varieties, and it seems to be unquestionable that the genus *Madrepora* is now extinct in Moreton Bay.'

He suggests that this may be due in part to the growth of sand-banks, which has done much to obstruct free communication between the waters of the Bay and the open ocean, in part to the fact that, as two rivers liable to floods empty themselves into the former, they may, under the present circumstances, have proved destructive to the corals.

We find, also, an interesting account of the fishery for pearls and pearl-shells. The former sometimes attain a considerable size, and fetch a good price. A very curious one—white, mottled with black—is figured among some others. The oyster-banks of the district, in the author's opinion, will prove to be of real value. One photograph depicts the molluscs densely clustered on the roots of a mangrove thicket. Not the least singular among the creatures of which Mr. Saville-Kent has given figures are two huge sea-anemones, the larger of which, when expanded, is sometimes a couple of feet in diameter. Each affords board and lodging to other animals of higher organization, as Sir Gorgius Midas might patronize an inventor, among these being two species of fish and a prawn. One of the former, about three inches long, is remarkably brilliant in colour, and takes up its abode in the gastric cavity of its host, where, so far from being digested, it appears to be so perfectly happy that, if ejected by being stirred up with a stick, it swims back again as soon as all is quiet. The Great Barrier Reef has also its sea-serpent, though this, speaking strictly, appears to be more nearly allied to a turtle. The author repeats an account which he thinks credible, and gives a rude sketch of a strange creature which appears to have a neck, tail, and carapace, all roughly of the same length, and amounting together to about thirty feet. The dugong also comes in for a notice, and there are many pictures of strange fishes. But the book is so full of curious and interesting matter that it is hard to know where to stop and when to put it down. Mr. Saville-Kent has brought a coral reef and its wonders nearer to naturalists who cannot wander far from the shores of colder regions than any one hitherto has succeeded in doing. They will, we think, only utter one complaint against him—that he makes them chafe more than ever against the restrictions of time, space, and purse.

THE AUSTRALIANS.*

MR. ADAMS'S "Social Sketch" would be very good reading if one were not continually being exasperated by mannerisms and strivings after effect. To begin with, whole pages are written in spasmodic jerks of three words to a line; and whatever justification there may be for the employment of this method by a master hand in fiction, in a book of this character its adoption is, frankly, an irritating impertinence. The matter of these passages is often good and the style nervous, not standing in need of the adventitious aid of typographical eccentricity to make it read very well, like some poetry if it were printed like ordinary prose. Then, again, Mr. Adams never uses an ordinary English word when he can find one that is extraordinary. And this effort to become striking by means of being bizarre lands him not infrequently in absolute error. He uses "incommensurable," for example, apparently for no better reason than that it affords a more truly sesquipedalian mouthful, when he means, and can possibly mean, nothing else than "immeasurable." "Shortsighted" and "shortsightedness" are not good enough words for Mr. Adams to use in their figurative sense; he gropes for myopic and myopy as grandiloquent substitutes, but just misses them, and gives us "myoptic" and "myopticism"—words for which he has gone to his imagination instead of to the dictionary. His grammar is generally fair. But what are we to make of this?—"The younger generation, slight in the boys, but blossoming out in the girls into a precocious physical

maturity, is, &c." The book—the bulk of which is said to be made up of articles contributed to the *Fortnightly Review*—is dedicated to "Australian Friends—so many, so dear." We remember another recent writer in the magazines of "social sketches" of Australia—Mr. David Christie Murray, to wit—telling an audience in London that he, too, had made many dear friends in that country, but, at the same time, that he understood a reception "with road metal" was awaiting him whenever he should return thither. It is to be hoped that Mr. Adams does not contemplate a speedy return to the Antipodes, where his "dear friends" might not impossibly accord him a similar greeting; for, with some exceptions that we shall notice when we come to them, his chapters constitute so terrible an indictment of Australia and all that is in it—physical, social, moral, and political—as to make one regret that such a land ever emerged from the Southern Ocean. The truth is, Mr. Adams gives one of those exaggerated pictures on the side of condemnation that have, by natural reaction, taken the place of the fulsome adulation that used to be poured out upon the colonies after the world in England awoke to the fact that the colonies held communities worth taking account of, and proceeded incontinently to fool them to the top of their bent. Australians complain—and they have a right—that they are seldom or never looked at soberly and sensibly, but always treated in extremes. They have themselves partly to thank for this, no doubt. They have blown their own trumpet as never was trumpet blown before by any people but Americans; and even to this day some of their public men and official representatives—and the same may be said of Canadians—in this country still keep up the game of treating English audiences to unlimited doses of nauseating "blow."

Mr. Adams opens his chapter headed "Culture and Society" by saying that to treat the subject in a European sense would be like treating of the snakes in Ireland. Yet he says the young Colonial takes his social leaders, and painters, and poets quite too seriously. As to that, the young Colonial might retort—not, perhaps, without justice—by asking whether we at home, old and young too, are not open to the same charge? But what are we to think of a community of which it can be said—if we are to admit the truth of Mr. Adams's saying—that the Sydney *Bulletin* is the one really talented and original outcome of the Australian press, though he admits that its literary criticism is that of clever sixth-form schoolboys and imperfectly educated pressmen (actually, we presume, of the latter), and that all it knows about culture is to perpetually spell it "culchaw"? The *Bulletin* is, indeed, smart, with the smartness of the new journalism, and may possibly be the only mouthpiece of originality in Australia, as Mr. Adams says it is. That would, indeed, be the most crushing condemnation of Australia. But it is unfair to allow it to appropriate all the talent also of the Australian press. The great papers in Australia are quite the equals (except, perhaps, on the side of pure literary criticism) of the great provincial papers of this country. The estimate of the "Men of Mark" in Australia, to which a long chapter is devoted, is in some respects the best thing in the book. Opinions will differ as to its justice; though for ourselves we are not disposed, on the whole, to question it very seriously. No fault can be found with the selection of the three living statesmen—Parkes, Griffith, and McIlwraith—to whom the chapter is devoted. No one of the three could have been excluded; and, with the single exception of Mr. Deakin in Victoria, whose time can hardly be said to have yet come, it would be difficult to find any others in the ranks of active politicians who have impressed themselves to an equal degree on the political history of their country. The friends of Mr. Service might question his exclusion. But he has for some time practically dropped out of active politics, and is, moreover, a man who, from causes not personally derogatory to him, has always just missed the highest mark. Sir Thomas McIlwraith, now again Premier of Queensland, is rightly, on account of his really great capacity, placed on the highest pedestal. Mr. Adams says of him that he is the only public man in Australia whom by any stretch of the term one could call great; but even of him we may be allowed to doubt whether he has in him quite so much as his eulogist claims for him of that "element of the miraculous" that places him, in his view, on the level of a Cæsar or a Napoleon. When Mr. Adams falls to summing up the characteristics of the typical civilized Australian, the picture he draws of "the tall, coarse, strong-jawed, greedy, pushing, talented man, with his secularized religion and his commercialized democracy," is not an inviting one. Such being the man—"If," he goes on to say, "England can strike a bargain with him, even something not unlike Imperial Federation may, despite everything, yet become a fact." He would not, on this showing, be a very pleasant person to strike a bargain with; and, if the picture were true,

* *The Australians*. By Francis Adams. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1893.

England might, perhaps, prefer to do without federating with the original of it. But it is not true. At the same time, there is just enough truth in it to point the remark that, if our statesmen on this side are to make a bargain with him—and we believe they ought to try—they must drop the delicate methods of aristocratic diplomatists, and recognize that “other men” demand “other manners.”

We need not pause over Mr. Adams's appreciation of Marcus Clarke and Lindsey Gordon, because readers on this side are in a position to form their own estimate of the only two Australian writers who count. The papers that give the collection the chief value it possesses are those in the second part dealing with “The Eastern Interior.” In the first part the author has been dealing with “The Pacific Slope.” That is with Australia as it is known to the bulk of Australians and to virtually all sojourners. But between the “marine strip,” with its “ribbon of organized settlement and civilization,” and the “interminable stretch” of pastoral uplands between the dividing range and the “never-never” of the great central desert, there exist differences, geographical and climatic, that are making two distinct races of the people that inhabit the two districts. The Eastern Interior is a land of pitiless drought, of pallid, cloudless skies, of shrivelled herbage, of “viewless horizons smoking like a cauldron,” oppressing the senses and making the eyes ache, where blazing noons give way to dewless eves. It is here among “the Bush people” that the writer finds the one powerful and unique national type yet produced in Australia; here, too, all that is noblest, kindest, and best. There are cruel, nay horrible, features in the life; but there is an intensity, a directness, and a reality that place it above the hypocrisy and vices of civilization. With all this, he tells us that “squattling” is played out, and the “free selector” rapidly sinking into the position of the “mean white” of North or South America. In fact, he would have us believe the truth to be that in Australia all the money has been made. With respect to the future, his hopes would seem to depend on two things—the appropriation by the State of the unearned increment of the land, if not of the land itself, and the transformation of the Labour Movement (with capital letters) into a political party. To the chapters in which these views are expressed Mr. Adams has added a postscript containing “a few last words,” from the English point of view, on politics and the colonial question. Perhaps the most valuable passage in this postscript is that in which the author, who recognizes the benefit to English statesmen of a personal acquaintance with other portions of the Empire, suggests the double purpose that would be served by the introduction into our political life of some modification of the Athenian system of ostracism. The special value of this suggestion lies in the application of it. For “what,” says the author, “could have been better for Mr. Gladstone, for instance, after his suicidal Home Rule Bill of 1886, than a sentence of five years' banishment to Canada, South Africa, or Australia?” and he would select the last named for choice, on account of its greater distance. Somewhat more seriously, we may commend Mr. Adams for insisting on the paramount importance of the colonial question—the question of empire—which is in danger still of being overshadowed, as it was overshadowed, to our shame and to our cost, when it was last upon us in an acute form a century ago, by the infinitely smaller matters that fill all our political vision day by day. For this he deserves our thanks. But we cannot go with him in regarding Lord Curzon as the embodiment of statesmanship to whom we should turn for guidance in the colonial policy of the Empire.

SCOTLAND BEFORE 1700.*

MR. BROWN in his preface says that this volume is the natural sequel to one he published a short time ago entitled *Early Travellers in Scotland*. The account of the country between the thirteenth and the eighteenth centuries there given was so extremely unflattering that the author considers himself bound as “a good Scotsman” to show how very far from the truth were the statements of these impious travellers.

We could wish for the sake of the unlearned, and those who wish to get at the root of the matter with some rapidity, that Mr. Brown had seen fit to translate into more modern spelling the extracts which he gives us from these ancient chroniclers. Where the accounts have been originally written in Latin, and translated at a more modern date, as is the case with John of Fordun and John Major's descriptions, the work of reading them is light and pleasant; but this is not the case with many of the others, where we think Mr. Brown would have largely assisted

in undoing the evil impression left by early travellers if he had put into a readable shape the true account of the glories of his country. As it is, we fear only a few ardent Scotsmen will apply themselves to the task of deciphering the curious and interesting information veiled in the enlightened spelling of the period in which they were written. Mr. Brown might in each case have left us a paragraph or two, as a specimen, for the purpose of drawing down on himself the blessings of the illiterate reader, and the showing forth of his own skill and learning. What we require in such a volume as this are the facts and descriptions of contemporary observers and historians; we can always take it on trust that they did not spell in our fashion, though we believe they would have had no insuperable objection to adopting it, providing always that it were recommended and taught them by one of their own nation.

One of the most readable histories, in both senses of the word, is that of John of Fordun, 1380. Scotland is here described in a very sober and accurate way, and we believe the inhabitants will not resent as untruthful the assertion that it is a country destitute of “wine and oil.” The beautiful scenery has always been a matter of taste, and, on the whole, we believe Highlanders will bear with their well-known philosophy the assertion that “along the Highlands the country is there very hideous, interspersed with moors and marshy fields, muddy and dirty.” They will need to exercise their self-control to a greater degree when they read further that “Highlanders and people of the islands are a savage and untamed nation, rude and independent, given to rapine, ease loving, of a docile and warm disposition, comely in person, but unsightly in dress, hostile to the English people and language, and, owing to diversity of speech, even to their own nation, and exceedingly cruel. They are, however, faithful and obedient to their king and country, and easily made to submit to law if properly governed.” Fordun evidently has an unreasoning prejudice against their national garb, and further on he says, “they are of rather graceful figure and goodly face, yet their peculiar dress much disfigures them.” The chapters taken from John Major's *History of Greater Britain* are full of the most interesting matter. A native of Gleghorine, near North Berwick, born in 1469, he gives a most picturesque account of the Bass Rock, “an impregnable stronghold,” and of the sea-birds and their manner of fishing. “The produce of these birds supports upon the Rock thirty or forty men of the garrison, and some rent is paid by them to the Lord of the Rock.” Major expresses an earnest hope that God would grant peace to the Britons, and “that one of its kings in a union of marriage may by just title gain both kingdoms—for any other way of reaching an assured peace I hardly see.” And he further argues “and that the Scots never had more excellent kings than those born of Englishwomen is clear from the example of the children of the blessed Margaret, kings that never knew defeat, and were in every way the best.” Major's geographical knowledge gets slightly vague when he deals with the islands between Scotland and Ireland. “The most southerly is Man”; then, “There is also the island of Argadia, belonging to the Earl of Argadia, which we call Argyle, thirty leagues in length. There the people swear by the hand of Callum More, just as in old times the Egyptians used to swear by the health of Pharaoh.” This is a comparison which we think the most sensitive Campbell will hardly feel beneath the dignity of his chief, and he may allow himself to overlook the mistake as to the insular position of Argyleshire, remembering that even Sir Walter was shaky concerning the geography of these regions.

In giving this volume of contemporary documents Mr. Brown has made a valuable and interesting contribution to the literature of early Scotland; we hope that the work will reach a second edition, and that the author will remember the frailty of our nature, and give us the information in a yet more modern guise.

LORD DE TABLEY'S POEMS.*

IT is a curious foible of our overcrowded age that, with every possible inducement towards concentration, our writers will not concentrate themselves. The importance of being quintessential, however, is not a little exemplified in the case of the poet whom we have the pleasure of meeting once more to-day. It is thirty years since Mr. Warren (now Lord de Tabley) began to publish verse, and it is only now that he begins to take that position to which his originality and his talent entitle him. There are other causes for this long neglect, and we shall presently refer to them, but we think that the primary cause has

* *Scotland before 1700, from Contemporary Documents.* By P. Hume Brown. Edinburgh: Douglas.

* *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical.* By John Leicester Warren, Lord de Tabley. London: Elkin Mathews and John Lane.

been Lord de Tabley's unwillingness to give the public his best and none but his best. At length, in the selection before us, he has pruned away the unessential, and has presented us with the picked work of a lifetime. We shall be much surprised if he does not, this time, secure a very sympathetic hearing.

As we have said, Lord de Tabley has hitherto been known to a very small circle. He made his first appearance, in 1863, under conditions which were historically unfavourable. The moment was very unpoetical; the wave of Preraphaelitism was just making ready to break, but nothing was known of its movement. If Lord de Tabley had chanced, in those transitional days, to walk in step with Rossetti, Mr. W. Morris, and Mr. Swinburne, his own literary character might have been warped; but he would probably have attracted a large proportion of the attention which ultimately fell to their share. But he had little in common with them. His talent developed along other lines, and in obedience to other traditions. He was more likely to be identified with writers then very unpopular, with Browning and with Matthew Arnold, to the former of whom he stood in something the same relation as Robert, Lord Lytton did. In poetry, as in so much else, to succeed it is necessary to move in the middle of the stream, and Lord de Tabley has hitherto floated a little way out of the literary current.

It is fifteen years, we believe, since his latest volume, *The Soldier of Fortune*, was published, and since that time the changes in English poetry have been vast. He re-emerges from his silence with a collection which, to most readers, will have the character of absolute novelty. Not a few lovers of poetry, however, will find in the majority of these pieces the greater charm of remembered approval, heightened by the select and carefully weeded nature of the collection itself. Among those which are new, at all events to ourselves, and probably mark the highest level of the writer's production during these fifteen years of seclusion, are "A Hymn to Astarte," "A Woodland Grave," "Phaeton," "Circe" (the first of these pieces, for the second undoubtedly appeared in the *Rehearsals* of 1870), "Auguries of May," and "On a Portrait of Sir John Suckling." If any smart bibliographer should turn upon us and declare that certain of these have appeared before, we should excuse ourselves by saying that the publications of Lord de Tabley have been numerous and are now not easy to refer to. But we are pretty well persuaded that those we have mentioned, and possibly a few others, are quite new. The rest, it is certain, appeared elsewhere between 1863 and 1879.

If we were asked to say, at once, wherein we consider that the strength and weakness alike of this poet consist, we should say that it was in his treatment of detail. His theory of execution is one, or we are much mistaken, in which detail takes a paramount place. Jewels five words long are what he delights in and desires to produce, and to secure them he sacrifices the general rotundity and perfection of his work. In this, as in certain other points, he resembles the great Jacobean poets. Like Cyril Tourneur, or like Giles Fletcher, to mention two very dissimilar writers, with each of whom he presents certain analogies he is so fascinated with a single line that is specially exquisite or thrilling, a single image which is novel and picturesque, that he is content to leave it set in a ragged passage which is almost wholly without charm. He even seems, as they often seem, to prefer to wear his rubies and opals on a dingy texture that they may beam from it more radiantly. The splendid single line is out of fashion now—fifty years ago it was absolutely dominant in English poetry—and Lord de Tabley's resolute cultivation of it gives his verse an old-fashioned air. We are just now all in favour of a poetry in which the force and beauty are equally distributed throughout, and in which execution, not of a line or of a stanza, but of a complete poem, is aimed at. But this is really a fashion rather than a law.

Among the new poems in this volume, the one which has delighted us the most is "A Hymn to Astarte." It is too long. A hymn of fifty-six strophes lays too great a strain upon our attention. Milton himself essayed no more than twenty-seven in a poem which is quite as lengthy as the form permits. Lord de Tabley's hymn suffers from diffusion, from repetition, from an occasional indirectness of address. But when we turn, as we have seen that in his case it is only fair to do, to the execution of the detail, what could be more delicate or felicitous? The difficulty is to know where to turn for quotation:—

Let Heaven receive thee now
Veiled round with rainbow glows;
Rose clusters on thy brow,
Thy breast another rose,
Whereat babe Cupid lies
Asleep, with lullabies.

Rise, pressing Love to rest
Against thy shoulder pearly:
Each dewdrop of thy breast
Becomes a starry world,
And the vast breathless skies
Are strown with galaxies.

Or this, a vignette from the group of pictures of Astarte's house of sleep:—

As drowsy flies which bide
In some gray spider's snare;
Sleep-locked, yet open-eyed,
Glad, yet in half despair,
Lovers and maidens sit
In the yellow gates of it.

Something of the same verbal distinction, the same use of rich and yet fresh and pure imagery, marks "A Woodland Grave," which is also briefer, and, therefore, more nervously sustained. It is ever to the Jacobean that we turn for a parallel, not that Lord de Tabley imitates one or all of them, but that he has their habits of style. He treats classic allusion as Ben Jonson does in his masques and songs; he looks at nature with the eyes of William Browne; when he is less happy it is with the overloaded line and fantastic neologisms of some early disciple of Donne.

The serious critic, conscious of the historic movement of poetry, can scarcely fail to note the recurrences of manner which are so unfailing a feature of the poet's mode. But it would be unfair, and would give a wrong impression of Lord de Tabley's gift, to dwell on what he owes to any one but himself. He is a true poet, and when that has been calmly and deliberately said, it may leave margin for much discussion of minor matters. A longish extract from the new poem of "Circe" may, perhaps, serve us as well as anything else as a text to preach our sermon:—

Reared across a loom,
Hung a fair web of tapestry half done,
Crowding with folds and fancies half the room:
Men eyed as gods, and damsels still as stone
Pressing their brows alone,
In amethystine robes,
Or reaching at the polished orchard globes,
Or rubbing parted love-lips on their rind,
While the wind
Sows with sere apple-leaves their breast and hair;
And all the margin there
Was arabesqued and bordered intricate
With hairy spider things
That catch and clamber,
And salamander in his dripping cave
Satanic ebony-amber;
Blind worm, and asp, and eft of cumbrous gait,
And toads who love rank grasses near a grave,
And the great goblin moth, who bears
Between his wings the ruined eyes of death;
And the enamelled sails
Of butterflies who watch the morning's breath,
And many an emerald lizard with quick ears,
Asleep in rocky dales;
And for an outer fringe embroidered small,
A ring of many locusts, horny-coated,
A round of chirping tree-frogs merry-throated,
And sly, fat fishes sailing, watching all.

This sumptuous picture, a sort of Shield of Achilles in a fragment of an epic, is very strongly composed. We should find it difficult, at the present moment, to name any other living English poet who could have presumably written it. The language is crowded with felicities (two which appear to us particularly happy we have italicized), the symbolism is learned and appropriate, the verses serried and melodious. At the same time it is impossible not to see that there is little sense of progression, of evolution, that the sentiments are not touched, that the appeal is solely a pictorial one, made to the inner eye. The manner of composition is not so much the pouring of the hot bronze into a mould as the construction, with small cold fragments of exquisite enamel, of a surface of mosaic. Art has many chambers, and it must be a narrow fanaticism which rejects a product, which is admirably done after its kind, because it is not another kind of product. We do not blame Lord de Tabley's poetry for lacking features which at the present moment are set in high esteem; but we desire to discriminate among his qualities. They are such as, for good and for evil, are likely at the present moment to limit the number of his admirers.

Admirers, however, for the future he can never cease to possess. Poetry so full and scholarly as his, so tempered in its magnificence, so excellently burnished and adorned, cannot but command the suffrages of a considerable audience. If we might venture to close with a counsel to him, it would take the form of urging him to be unruffled by those who exhort him to take up lines

and mannerisms to which his habit of mind is but little attracted. He has his glass, let him be content to drink out of it. Let him be faithful to the peculiarities of a talent which is not faultless nor masterful, but which represents his own intellectual individuality, and the expression of which is often singularly distinguished and agreeable.

YORKSHIRE LEADERS.*

THE present generation appears to have a liking for what may be called minor, or even minim, biography. Magazines and newspapers find it to their interest to give portraits, from which usually a great deal of the character has been omitted, accompanied by biographies with the really interesting and memorable things carefully left out. Then there are special periodicals devoted to the glorification of provincial mayors, local magnates, and "self-made men." Some of the cities—Birmingham and Manchester, for instance—are so affluent in "worthies" that serials setting forth their excellent deeds and many virtues have flourished for years. The latest development of this taste for biographical small beer is Mr. Manning Press's *Yorkshire Leaders*. It is a handsome volume, quarto in size as we gather from the signatures, though in aspect a not very small folio. It contains forty-four portraits done by one of the many "processes" which are now working for the destruction of the obsolescent fine art of wood-engraving. The portraits are, however, as a rule much better than the average result of the process block.

The book is well printed, and the cover, if not elegant, is at least sober and substantial. As it is marked vol. i., it may be presumed that, if the Yorkshire people like this kind of thing, they can have it *ad lib*. "The cost of production," we are told by Mr. Press, in a confidential paragraph of the preface, "has been very considerable, amounting to some hundreds of pounds, and can only be covered by liberal subscriptions from those noblemen and gentlemen who can really appreciate a first-class Literary and Art effort." The list of subscribers to the book, which is not given as exhaustive, contains 104 names, "most of whom have taken more than one copy." If this means only 208 copies at three guineas each—the price of the volume—the biographer will have 65*l.* 4*s.* towards his vague outlay of "some hundreds" before he draws upon the multitude of noblemen and gentlemen of Yorkshire, who, it is to be hoped, "can really appreciate a first-class Literary and Art effort." Who are the political and social leaders of Yorkshire?

In this volume we have one archbishop, one duke, one marquess, five earls, five barons, three bishops, four baronets, four knights, ten M.P.'s, five J.P.'s, and three who as yet have not attained, or have lost, their alphabetical distinctions. Mr. Press is generous in his interpretations; and, if it is a little startling at first to encounter the Marquess of Lorne in the unexpected character of a Yorkshireman, the phenomenon is at once explained by his Unionist candidature at Bradford. Politically the Yorkshire leaders are overwhelmingly anti-Gladstonian. Putting aside five clerical worthies, and four whose preferences are not stated, there remain twenty-four supporters of the Union and eleven Home Rulers. Mr. Manning Press is uniformly eulogistic, and does not even hint that any of his heroes have ever made a single public or private mistake in the whole of their exemplary lives. As a rule, Mr. Press has confidence in his own judgment, but occasionally he cites some witness in corroboration of his verdict. Thus, in dealing with the Bishop of Ripon, whom he regards, we are glad to say, as possessing "all the qualities essential to make one a good leader of men," he leans heavily for support upon the editor of the *Richmond and Twickenham Times*, whose "scholarly article" on Dr. Carpenter is quoted with becoming deference. Lovers of biographical detail may learn from Mr. Press that one Unionist M.P. gained a prize at a private school, when he was still under twelve years of age, for "doing his mathematical papers without a mistake"; that an elderly Gladstonian M.P. has for second wife "a young lady of considerable beauty"; and that a Conservative magistrate who formerly "came in for the usual amount of abuse from the extreme section of the Temperance party" because he was a brewer, now lives at an appropriately named Hop Villa, which "is replete with works of art." But if there are some trivial, and even grotesque, passages, it is only fair to remember, on the other hand, that *Yorkshire Leaders* chronicles the lives of over two score of men who have each and all shown public spirit and a desire to serve the commonweal.

* *Yorkshire Leaders: Social and Political*. By C. A. Manning Press. Leeds: McCorquodale & Co., Limited.

NEW PRINTS.

THE recent improvements in colour-printing are well illustrated by three engravings which we have received from Messrs. Bousso, Valadon, & Co. We do not profess to like them all equally, but all are examples of what the publishers call by the barbarous name of "Goupilgravure," and all are interesting on that account. There is a story—true or well found, it matters not—of an eminent French artist who saw a little water-colour of his in the window of a dealer's shop. Being annoyed that it should thus be exposed, and at a very moderate price, he bought it himself. The next day, there it was again in the same shop window, for what he had bought was a Goupilgravure. It would take very keen eyes, indeed, to know at first sight that the largest of the prints before us is not a water-colour. It is really a landscape, the figures being quite subsidiary. There is a bank of autumn foliage in the middle distance set off against a deep blue distance of fold after fold of far-away mountains. In front a sandy road winds along between green meadows and white, lichen-covered rocks, and here and there little bunches of red leaves have fallen into the ruts. Sallying forth from among the hills a squadron of hussars overtakes a yellow travelling-carriage in which are two ladies. A man on horseback escorts them, and the boundary post to the right gives meaning to the title, "Crossing the Frontier." Otherwise the story is not very clearly made out, the horses are rather roughly drawn, and, in short, a lovely view is none the better for the figures placed in it. This is probably one of the largest of these wonderful facsimiles which has yet been published, for it measures no less than 24 inches across by 16½ in height.

The prettiest of these prints is called "Jealousy." A very graceful girl stands at the foot of a statue in some public grounds. Behind are various groups in the costume of the Empire, among them a girl in white, who appears much pleased by the attentions of a tall hussar in a gorgeous uniform. This gives rise to feelings on the part of our fair damsel in the foreground which justify the title. The picture is by Kaemmerer. It is impossible to imagine anything more deceptively like a water-colour than this Goupilgravure. "The Studio Servant," after Delort, is not so highly finished, and the story, if there is one, is not so clearly told. The girl who is employed to sweep out the studio is apparently engaged in a comparison between her own white skin and that of a goddess as depicted on the canvas on the easel. The accessories are commonplace, and there is nothing remarkable either about the girl or the studio.

Of a different character is an etching by Manesse after Lancret, "The Music Lesson." The picture, a very lovely one, in which Lancret approached very near to Watteau, lends itself easily to etching, especially etching of the delicate character of the work before us. In the catalogue of the National Gallery the compiler says of Lancret that he had "little of those finer and poetic qualities which elevate the productions of Watteau, no matter how frivolous their theme, into really great works of art"; but, viewing this composition even through the medium of an uncoloured print, it would be impossible to deny that sometimes at least Lancret did attain to those poetic qualities, and make of slight, and even frivolous, elements a great work of art. This is a very charming print, full of beauty and of delicate gradations, befitting the subject.

PAWNEE AND BLACKFOOT TALES.*

NO modern books on savage life and savage legends deserve more hearty praise than the results of Mr. Grinnell's researches among the Pawnees and Blackfoots. He knows these waning peoples intimately, he has succeeded in bettering their condition; like all honourable Americans, he denounces the callous dishonesty of his countrymen and most of the Indian agents towards these robbed, dispossessed, and demoralized people. He has also the advantage of knowing Major North, the friend and benefactor of the Pawnees, and he has obtained copious notes and information from other authorities. The Pawnees he represents as generous, or rather lavish, brave to a chivalrous degree, the relation of comrade in arms reminding us of David and Jonathan, tender and loving, loyal as regards affection between the sexes. They are, or were, atrociously cruel; their war is one of surprises, its object is raiding on horses and winning of scalps. But they have most attaching qualities, and are deeply religious. There is no more prayerful people, and their god, Ti-rá-us, is the object of sincere devotion. Indian religion is a difficult subject. It is now common for the learned to assert that their Great Spirit

* *Pawnee Hero Stories—Blackfoot Lodge Tales*. By George Bird Grinnell. London: Nutt, 1893.

is merely a relic of Christian teaching; but as early as 1622 and 1648 Winalow in New England and Jesuits among the Hurons give reports which lead to a different conclusion. The Pawnees have moved north from south; if they came, as Mr. Grinnell thinks not improbable, from Mexico, they may have brought thence their sacrifice of the captive, who is also the God. The method of feeding and fattening the captive, the mode of sacrifice, and the flight and penance of the sacrificers, remind us at once of Aztec ritual and of the Attic *Bouphonia*. (*Pawnee Tales*, p. 366.) Mr. Grinnell does not note these resemblances; things rather common in the ritual of widely severed peoples.

The Pawnee tales are chiefly concerned with real or legendary feats of tribal heroes. We seldom meet close analogies to European *märchen*, save in the form of the Orpheus myth among the Blackfoots ("Worm Pipe"), and in "Scarface," which has incidents in common with *The Red Etin of Ireland*, and many tales where the adventurer is taken in by a woman while her husband detects him by the smell; again the hero is directed by various beasts to the home of some very distant and powerful being, the sun, the North wind, and so forth. While the stuff, the helpful beasts, and the resurrection from the bones of a dead person or beast, are common to all *märchen*, the Blackfoot plots, and arrangement of the incidents, are different, except in the cases we have noted. The Orpheus tale is better told by the Iroquois, and published by Miss Erminie Smith, in a collection of the Smithsonian Institute. There is not here the close resemblance to European *märchen* shown in *The Red Horse of the Dakotahs*, or throughout Mr. Leland's Algonquin collection. But there is more resemblance than in most of M. Petitot's *Traditions Indiennes*, from the Eskimo and Dènè Hareskins. The collections of Athertley Jones and Schoolcraft's *Algie Researches* cannot well be regarded as scientific evidence. Pawnees and Blackfoots may have *märchen*, uncollected by Mr. Grinnell, more akin to our own; but, whether from want of contact with Europeans, or for some other reason, the tales published by Mr. Grinnell are, in the mass, outside the general treasure of folk-tales. The Pawnees chiefly delight in tales of heroic exploits. A young man sees a pretty girl on a horse-stealing expedition. He spends all he has in buying presents for her. With his Jonathan he returns into the hostile camp, enters her lodge alone, is spared by her people for his courage, and marries her. This is really true love and constancy. The companion, thinking that his friend has been slain, kills himself. Again, a chief on the war-path is deserted by his kindred. Like Keppoch at Culloden, he cries "The children of my tribe have deserted me," and advances alone for his honour's sake. He is more fortunate than Keppoch, and is chivalrously welcomed by the hostile chief. Other tales are of marvellous children who grow up in a day, and do magical feats. This is a common idea in all popular tales; the feats here are usually the procuring of buffaloes. There are gallant rescues of wives; in one case by aid of a medicine-man's familiar spirit, which visits the captive woman mysteriously, and brings her back. The medicine-man is rewarded by the hand of a very pretty girl, who, unluckily, does not love him. There is a bear-man; but his adventures are unlike those of Jean L'Ours, in the French and Algonquin story.

There are several instances of wives returning from the dead under certain taboos; they disappear on violation of the taboo. This increases the Pawnee faith in a future life. This widely distributed legend is told with much pathos. Many legends deal with helpful animals, who are to some extent objects of prayer and worship. The tale called "A Story of Faith" is the history of a born medicine-man or "medium." He became "a great doctor," and taught the tribe the magic ceremonies. "The Dun Horse" has European analogues, but they do not go very far. The tales are followed by an interesting account of the past and present condition of the Pawnees. Their magic, as in making a grain of maize, or a cedar berry, grow into a plant or a little tree before the spectators' eyes, is attested by Major and Captain North. The feat is better done than the mango-tree trick; the plant is not covered up, and in the maize trick the conjurer stands at a distance while the corn shoots up. Many other less familiar and very perplexing displays are vouched for on the evidence of the whites and Indians, and Mr. Grinnell is unable to suggest any explanation. The Blackfoots are credited with similar accomplishments, but these are not described in detail. A good deal of anthropological information is given, and an appendix, by Mr. John B. Dunbar, deals with the Pawnee language. The Blackfoot book, in addition to *märchen* full of character, contains the legend of Old Man, a kind of demiurge like the Zulu Unkulunkulu. Many of his feats are burlesque and discreditable to Old Man. In the earlier legends he is a sort of Prometheus and Culture Hero, introducing the useful arts, making people out of clay, and generally corresponding to Yehi in Western Indian legend. The origin of death is explained by a disobedience of the

woman. Old Man threw a chip into the water; if it floated we were to be immortal. The woman, on the other hand, threw in a stone, which sank; so we die. Old Man does not like stories about the gods to be told in the daytime. Mr. Grinnell is unacquainted with Totems and the totemistic organization among the Blackfoots. Marriage within the *gens* was, however, forbidden. They practise self-torture, like the Mandans described by Catlin, but not, apparently, before initiation into the tribal mysteries. Many of their tales, like the Eleusinian legends, describe the mythic origin of these rites. Like the Pawnees, the remnant of the Blackfoots, having no more buffaloes to live on, are industrial. Hundreds were starved to death in a recent winter. Why these men should not have as good a right to citizenship as negroes is a mystery of American politics. Mr. Grinnell is in hearty and serviceable sympathy with them, a feeling which his admirable book ought to encourage. There are no recent works which better deserve the attention, not only of the folklorist, but of all who are interested in mankind, in human nature.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE fourth volume of M. Renan's *Histoire d'Israël* (1), which extends from the Return from the Captivity to the establishment of the Maccabee dynasty, was, we believe, completely prepared for press by the author before his death. At any rate, there is no editorial statement to the contrary, and no evidence of any incompleteness in the text. It is not much, but it is perhaps a little, the inferior of its forerunners in interest. The scanty stock of documents for the period would of itself suit M. Renan's well-known methods of "conjectural restoration" well enough; but this advantage is to some extent balanced by the fact that the subject grows more and more distasteful to him. Interesting as is the story of the reconstruction, it is overshadowed to M. Renan by the fact that now at last dogma and discipline are undeniably constituted. And his satisfaction in demonstrating, too, that it was *only* now that the horrid things came in, does not equal his dissatisfaction with the things themselves. At the other end the magnificent heroism of Judas and his brethren leaves M. Renan comparatively cold; for, as everybody knows, he detested war. Add that he has a low—we think a much too low—idea of some of his documents as mere literature; and it will be seen that there is comparatively little opening for the Renan *des beaux jours*. Yet it was impossible for this great master of French to write anything that should not be delightful to read; and it was equally impossible for this fantastic pseudo-critic to write anything that should not be delightful to criticize. Such a note as this, for instance, with its innocent ignorance or almost more innocent audacity of confession, is priceless:—"Tout en considérant," says M. Renan, "les Mémoires d'Esdras comme une œuvre artificielle, il est permis d'en retenir quelques traits que le faussaire aurait empruntés à une tradition sérieuse ou aux données historiques générales du temps." It would be impossible to formulate more delightfully the "conjectural restorer's" method, and one envies M. Renan his power of using that charming *aurait* which carries a whole string of sophisms on its dear little conditional back. That M. Renan avails himself of his principle to the utmost need hardly be said. Thus he lays it down that his friend "the great Anonymus of Babylon" was probably alive when Zechariah wrote; he acknowledges that Zechariah had no doubts that the Anonymus's writings were genuine Isaiah, but he, M. Renan, knows very well that they were not. Nehemiah is genuine enough, Ezra is a not very clever forgery. Daniel is of Maccabean times. Angelology, eschatology, &c., came in not much earlier. Esther (the ghost of Racine is probably making observations to M. Renan's on this) is "wicked, impious, revolting," but, luckily, forged; the author of Chronicles is a "miserable compiler." "La Thora" (it would spoil the effect if M. Renan had said simply "the law") was cleverly made up after the Captivity, and so forth. Of all which it may be said, as it has often been said before, that for the majority of M. Renan's positions there is absolutely no positive warranty according to the laws of a sane historical and literary criticism, while his whole method flies directly in the face of those laws.

It is peculiarly interesting to find him expressing, on the whole, a very low opinion of Ecclesiasticus. For here there is no question of historical dispute, everybody being pretty well agreed about the date of Jesus, the Son of Sirach. There is also no question about Oriental specialism; for, as is well known, no Hebrew original exists, and the Septuagint is practically the original, though the Vulgate and the Syriac version supply some variants. Now Ecclesiasticus, though not quite the equal, as

(1) *Histoire du peuple d'Israël*. Par Ernest Renan. Tome quatrième. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

literature, of its magnificent companion, the Wisdom of Solomon, is a great book. We should be sorry for any one who misses the beauty, even in the English version, of the exordium to Wisdom, of the noble "Hymn of the Fathers," just before the close, or of the closing Prayer. The original is still better, and we hardly know a more gorgeous sentence of slightly barbarized and flamboyant Greek than *γαυρία ὕψους στερέωμα καθαριότητος, εἶδος οὐρανοῦ ἐν ὁράματι δόξης*. But M. Renan was never a good judge of literature as literature, excellently as he could produce it, and the Son of Sirach hurt his prejudices by advocating the rod, by showing a distinct ascetic turn, by believing in miracles, and so forth. So the book is "mediocre," *bourgeois*, and so forth. Which if it be, then for the first time in our lives shall we cry "Vive la bourgeoisie!" and "Mediocrity for ever!"

Mme. Dronsart (2) has already busied herself with English subjects, and has shown, perhaps, as much power to bridge the unplumbed salt estranging sea as can be expected from a French lady. Her judgment of Mr. Gladstone, which we here only summarily commend to readers, is, on the whole, sane and well justified, and she has taken evident pains to study authorities. But Mr. Lucy will, we trust, have the grace to chuckle on finding himself described as "impartial."

We were able to praise a book of M. Sauvin's on Hawaii not long ago. His present little volume (3), which may be described as a Chicago and United States Guide

For those who go there and those who do not,

is, of course, calculated for the meridian of Paris, but is a well-informed and sensible book, which anybody in search of instruction may read with profit.

After a rather "accidental" literary Odyssey, Mme. Judith Gautier seems to have settled down to the composition of historical novels, for which her father's daughter is well equipped, and in which she has already achieved considerable success. Her present venture (4) deals with almost the latest days of the shortlived Kingdom of Jerusalem, and the names, with some of the incidents, are taken faithfully from William of Tyre. Even that most oddly baptized Countess "Eschive," of whose Christian name we can think of no modern survival, equivalent, or travesty, appears. But Mme. Gautier has not allowed her documents to swamp her story—the great danger of the historical novelist. M. Revel's *Ascension* (5) alternates between Paris and Siam for scene, flirtation and philanthropy for subject. M. Ernest Daudet rather disappointed us in *Mlle. de Circé* (6), for the atmosphere of his book is not that of *Æsæa's* isle. A new, very well printed, and very cheap (1.25 fr.) edition of the voluminous work of M. Hector Malot (7) has been arranged for, and the first two volumes have appeared.

We have before us a school edition (London: Williams & Norgate), by Mr. G. H. Clarke, of *Les femmes savantes*, with a useful introduction and notes less excessive than those which are now common; also the first and second parts of a new *Dictionnaire Encyclopédique*, by Camille Flammarion (Paris: Flammarion). The parts are wonderfully cheap, costing but five-pence for 40 large, well-printed, and where necessary illustrated, pages; but we do not observe any account of the probable scale of the book.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

NOT only regular readers of the magazines, but those who merely skim the milk of the month when it is of a richer yield than ordinary, must recall with pleasure the extremely interesting recollections of the Duke of Wellington, contributed to *Murray's Magazine* some few years since by the late Dowager Lady de Ros. These papers are now reprinted with what is their proper complement—some account of the writer—in the Hon. Mrs. Swinton's *Sketch of the Life of Georgiana, Lady de Ros* (John Murray). It was a chance controversy in the newspapers concerning the historic ball at Brussels that induced Lady de Ros to publish her reminiscences of the Duke. Her daughter, Mrs. Swinton, gives many striking instances of the energy and vivacity she retained to the very close of her long life. In her ninety-third year Lady de Ros wrote to a friend:—"I have been persecuted by correspondents about the Waterloo Ballroom. Twenty years ago I hunted in vain for it, and then heard

it had been pulled down long ago . . . but — will not believe me, nor will he allow me to know the name of the street in which we lived!" She was indignant when her "Personal Recollections" were praised in the press as the utterances of an octogenarian, observing, "They might have given me the credit of being a nonagenarian"; and it was not often an author made a *début* at the age of ninety-three. As a child Lady Georgiana often played with the Princess Charlotte, whom she described as merry, frank, and extremely indiscreet, openly avowing that the two things in the world she most hated were "boiled mutton and—grandmamma!" Such bold disrespect towards the King's favourite dish may well have startled Lady Georgiana. Among the nineteen Prime Ministers with whom she had been acquainted, there were some, of course, not of her political faith. On the Queen's birthday, on the occasion when Lord Melbourne's majority had fallen to five, Lady Georgiana congratulated the Minister on the pleasure he must feel in seeing "V" illuminated all over the town. He was reduced to the rather feeble retort that "Five was as good a number as any other"—which was Whiggish rather than waggish of Lord Melbourne. But Mrs. Swinton's book must not tempt further. It is a charming record, and should be read by everybody, and not rifled by reviewers.

"What is a novel?" The question is asked, and answered, by Mr. Marion Crawford in a kind of pocket-companion for novel-readers, entitled *The Novel: What it is* (Macmillan & Co.) Some say the novel is a work of art; though that is what it should be rather than what it is. And some may still murmur inquiringly, after reading Mr. Crawford's interesting observations, "The novel; what is it?" Mr. Crawford's views about the craft in which he is a present master appear to us sound and convincing, even if they meet not all the difficulties that beset those who require definitions that embrace all the kinds of fiction. The novel, he remarks, is a "marketable commodity." That is its natural order. It belongs to the family of "luxuries," and is of the class "artistic luxuries." Probably few will deny these propositions. The novel must amuse and instruct us, and it is no bad thing if it makes the reader think, or think of thinking. As to the sterile controversy of "romance" and "realism," Mr. Crawford sensibly observes that the novel may, and should, combine those qualities. It may even be historical. But it must not be a "purpose-novel"—that very odious thing. The novel, Mr. Crawford thinks, may "educate," may "elevate," may "purify," but it must not preach. Here be excellent conclusions. Excellent also is Mr. Crawford's protest against the absurd requirement of certain scientific critics that the novelist should be possessed of encyclopedic knowledge. Let him have experience, observation, literary skill, and, above all, knowledge of the heart and power to strike at the heart. "The greater men are, the more heart they have." There is "heart" in all great novels, and this is the reason they are the favourite reading of great men. Purpose and theory, be they never so exalted, kill; but it is heart that makes the novel to live. Such, it seems, is what Mr. Crawford would inculcate, though his horror of the "purpose-novel," or of the least semblance of pointing a moral, makes us hesitate to put the matter so plainly.

Ships that Pass in the Night, by Beatrice Harraden (Lawrence & Bullen), is a clever novel, with plenty of heart in it, and the uncommon power of producing deep emotional effects from very slight suggestions. The pictures of society at the Kurhaus are admirably studied and never overwrought. Bernardine, the heroine, and the Disagreeable Man are characters that are observed not from without, but revealed from within. They interest us from the first, and their relations are piquantly presented. But the note of pathos is unduly strained in the end, and does violence to the delicate fabric of the author's imagination. The cheap, nay commonplace, device by which Bernardine is sacrificed is a deplorable circumstance in what is an artistic story. Catastrophe should be telling catastrophe. The catastrophe here is ineffective—somewhat brutal, and altogether alien to the spirit of the story.

Of *An Easter Vacation*, by Moira O'Neill (Lawrence & Bullen) there is one thing to be noted, singular enough in so extremely slight a story, and that is the author's remarkable success in portraying the English public-schoolboy "Mac." For the rest, the characters sketched in the story scarce move us to a fleeting interest. He, however, is full of charm and animation, and a genuine creation.

An American Nobleman, by William Armstrong (Sampson Low & Co.), deals with sketches of life in Virginia wilds, which we imagine may be accepted as truthful pictures, so far as local speech and local colour make for truth, though we cannot say we are greatly impressed by them. Nor does the hero strike us in any sense a specimen of "nature's noblemen" with remarkable claims to respect and wonder.

(2) *William Ewart Gladstone*. Par Marie Dronsart. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *Autour de Chicago*. Par G. Sauvin. Paris: Plon.

(4) *Le vieux de la Montagne*. Par Judith Gautier. Paris: Colin.

(5) *Ascension*. Par Jean Revel. Paris: Charpentier.

(6) *Mlle. de Circé*. Par Ernest Daudet. Paris: Plon.

(7) *Œuvres complètes d'Hector Malot*. L'héritage d'Arthur. La fille de la comédienne. Paris: Marpon et Flammarion.

More yarns of the Wild West we have in Mr. William Atkinson's *Western Stories* (W. & R. Chambers), which stories are mostly short, strong in the staple of the marvellous, and rich in melodramatic invention.

The consideration that is due to laborious enterprises, conscientiously carried out, must decidedly be accorded to Mr. Kinahan Cornwallis's historical epic narratives in rhymed heroics, *The Song of America and Columbus* and *The Conquest of Mexico and Peru* (New York: "Daily Investigator"). To put Prescott into verse is assuredly a prodigious piece of industry. This poem contains nearly 6,000 more lines than the earlier poem, which is yet a monument of patient toil. "Like Pelion on Ossa" is this second instalment of what Mr. Cornwallis truthfully calls his "colossal" undertaking to tell the history of the New World in verse. Historical accuracy the author claims for his work, and we cannot say we have discovered any reason to doubt that the claim is good. His enthusiasm is undeniable and worthy of commendation, and that his narrative is often really skilful, and his verse fluent and animated, are not less indisputable features of his work.

The reader of Mr. Arthur Burrell's little collection of short stories, *The Man with Seven Hearts* (Elliot Stock), should be well disposed towards allegory, or he will find himself in the position of "The Casual," who observed to the "Philosopher" and the rest of the story-telling circle, "If I unnerstand not ze shstory, it is as you say, alas!" We do not profess to have sounded Mr. Burrell's mysticism, and fear it will, indeed, be "alas!" with Mr. Burrell's readers who like to know what a story is about.

In *A String of Beads* (A. & C. Black) Lady Lindsay shows once more her capacity as a song-writer. Many have failed—and some eminent hands among them—in the art of making song for the young. In these "Verses for Children" Lady Lindsay may be said to have scarcely failed at all, and is in many instances remarkably successful.

"Patriotic, Pastoral, Pungent," are Dr. Robert Bell's verses, *A Physician's Poems* (Glasgow: Bryce & Son), as set forth by the title, and published by request of friends, as the author owns in a preface that is more than commonly superfluous. The book is less various than the title suggests. "Why does the poet sing?" some one has asked. Dr. Bell describes, rather than sings—description is his forte, if anything poetic be—and it is obvious he describes because he may, and not because he must.

Mr. Richard Marsh is indebted somewhat to the old legend of the Bottle Imp for the conception of *The Devil's Diamond* (Henry & Co.). Unlike the bottle in Mr. Stevenson's story, which must be sold at an ever-decreasing price, the diamond of Mr. Marsh's romance can only be parted with at a gift. There is no lack of invention in the book, though it must be owned that the humour is deficient in the necessary grimness, and the extravagant incidents sometimes fall into simple puerility.

"A cold creepiness seized on me," remarks the story-teller in *The Romance of a Demon*, by Thomas Malyn (Digby, Long, & Co.), as he mounted his bed and armed himself with the fireirons in expectation of a midnight visit from an occult enemy. It looks like common burglary, and yields the reader nothing—not a creep. Then there is described "a real séance," when the furniture flew around and the hero's head is saved "by a hair's breadth" only from "an artillery of two candlesticks and an ink-pot." Shades of Maturin and Lewis!

What we like best in Mr. Bret Harte's latest volume, *Sally Dowd &c.* (Chatto & Windus), is the story wherein he most vividly reminds us of his earlier works, of *The Luck of Roaring Camp* and *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*. It would be untrue to say that there is no falling off observable from those wonderful sketches of the early days of Californian settlements (which with the *Heathen Chinee* first made known to English readers the name of Bret Harte) in their latest successor, *The Transformation of Buckeye Camp*; but we certainly prefer it, as much, perhaps, from its resemblance to its predecessors as from any intrinsic superiority, to its companions in this volume; the main difference we detect between them being that in the one the story appears to exist for the sake of the characters, while in the others the characters merely possess such vitality as they can boast for the sake of the existence of the story. In the tale which gives its name to the book are set forth the difficulties which beset the courtship of a Northern Montagu and a Southern Capulet, in days soon after the war when party spirit took some getting over. Were some other name on its title-page we should have nothing to say against it; as it is, a memory of what its author has done must make us own to a little disappointment.

The Vixens, by Andrée Hope (Chapman & Hall), is a story concerning which the writer appears to have been in two minds,

a state of things only too likely to leave the reader in no mind at all. Starting with a very circumstantial description of the discovery of a murder in Paris, we wander off into the accustomed tangle of misplaced and unrequited affections, connected, though somewhat nebulously, with the crime in question. The murder so carefully put before one at the outset does not happen, if things be taken in their proper chronological order, till the book is nearly over. It is perplexing, therefore, to know where you are; to be called upon to sympathize over a murdered man, and to meet him alive and well a few chapters later; while the young ladies' love affairs, of which the rest of the book is made up, are not of sufficient interest to compensate for what the defunct (or the about to be defunct—it is impossible to avoid getting mixed as to whether he is alive or dead) lacks in that respect. That he deserves his doom when he gets it we can at once make apparent by stating the fact that he is a Russian Prince, and therefore, of course, wicked beyond the power of words to express. On the moral depravity of the Muscovite nobility novel-writers agree with a perfectly wondrous unanimity.

We noticed some weeks ago how a tide of reprints seemed to be setting in on William Law. A third firm of publishers, Messrs. Griffith & Farran, have now contributed to this, publishing the *Spirit of Love* and the *Spirit of Prayer* in cheap and handy, but pretty, little paper-covered volumes, and the *Letters to the Bishop of Bangor* (under the title of *A Defence of the Church of England*) in a goodlier form, with an introduction by Mr. Nash and Mr. Gore, of the Pusey House, Oxford.

Among recent new editions we note Sir Monier Monier-Williams's *Indian Wisdom: Examples of the Religious, Philosophical, and Ethical Doctrines of the Hindoos* (Luzac & Co.), enlarged and improved; Mr. H. M. Stanley's *In Darkest Africa* (Sampson Low & Co.), one volume; *The Heart of Midlothian*, illustrated by W. M. Hole (A. & C. Black), one volume, "Dryburgh" edition; Mr. John F. Rowbotham's *History of Music* (Bentley & Son); Mr. Spencer Walpole's *Foreign Relations* (Macmillan & Co.), "The English Citizen" series; *Nora; or, a Doll's House*, translated from the Norwegian, by Mrs. H. F. Lord (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); and *The Story of the Christians and Moors in Spain*, by Charlotte M. Yonge (Macmillan & Co.), "Golden Treasury" series.

We have also received Carlyle's *Essays on German Poets and Writers*, with introduction by Ernest Rhys (Scott); *The World of the Unseen*, by Arthur Willink (Macmillan & Co.); *Plato's Dialogues*, "referring to the trial and death of Socrates" (Bell & Sons), reprinted from Whewell's translation; *Joan of Arc*, by the late Judge O'Hagan (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *The Speeches and Table-Talk of Mohammad*, translated by Stanley Lane-Poole (Macmillan & Co.), new edition; *A Key to J. P. Lock's Elementary Statics*, by G. H. Lock, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.); *An Elementary Geography of Australia*, by Lionel W. Lyde, M.A. (Percival & Co.); Byron's *Child Harold*, Cantos III. and IV., selection by E. D. A. Morshead, with Notes (Percival & Co.); *Suetonius*, Books I.-II., edited, with Commentary, by Harry Thurston Peck (New York: Holt & Co.), second edition; *Nature Poems*, by Thomas Edwards (Tunbridge Wells: Lewis); *Rank Doggerel*, by James Hewson, second edition (Simpkin & Co.); *Birds of the Bible*, by G. M. M. Wharton Fothergill (Digby, Long, & Co.); *A Study of a Woman*, by Helen Mathers (White & Co.); *The A B C Church and Chapel Directory* (Banks & Son); and the *Stud Book and Register of the National Cat Club* (Bromley, Kent; Clarke & Son).

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to Messrs. R. ANDERSON & Co., 14 Cockspur Street, or to the OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LYCEUM.—Mr. HENRY IRVING, Lessee and Manager. To-night (Saturday) at Two, "BECKET." To-morrow (Sunday) at 11, THE LYONS MAIL. "BECKET," by ALFRED LORD TENNYSON. Every Night, except Saturdays, at 8.15. MATINEES of "BECKET" next Saturday, May 20, and Saturday, May 27, at Two o'clock. EXTRA MATINEES of "BECKET," Thursday, May 25. Theatre will be closed on that evening. THE LYONS MAIL, next Saturday Night, May 28, at 8.15. THE BELLS, Saturday Night, May 27. Box-Office (Mr. J. Hare) open 10 to 5. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

THE CORPORATION OF THE
**SCOTTISH
 PROVIDENT
 INSTITUTION.**

REPORT submitted to the FIFTY-FIFTH ANNUAL
 GENERAL MEETING, on 29th March, 1893.
 SIR ALEX. KINLOCH of Gilmerton, Bart., in the Chair.

The DIRECTORS have again to congratulate their fellow-con-
 tributors on the prosperous condition of the Institution.

NEW BUSINESS.

The PROPOSALS received in the year ending December 31, 1892,
 were 2,162 for £1,455,665
 Of these, 1,936 were completed, assuring Capital Sums amounting to .. 1,260,758
 The NEW PREMIUMS, whereof £28,897 was by single payment, were 69,054
 The PREMIUMS of all kinds, including the Price of Annuities, were
 £616,728, or, after deducting the Sum paid for Reassurances 607,750
 The TOTAL RECEIPTS for the Year, including Interest, amounted to 950,490
 The CLAIMS amounted, with Bonus Additions, to 489,599

Fully two-thirds of the amount of these Claims was in respect of Policies which had
 participated in the Surplus, and the Bonus Additions on these averaged nearly
 50 per cent. of the Original Assurances.

THE RATIO OF EXPENSE, notwithstanding the larger new business, was slightly
 less than last year, and was under 10½ % of premiums, or 6 % of total income.

THE ACCUMULATED FUNDS

Amounted at December 31, 1892, to **£8,126,375**,
 the increase in the year being £324,944.

HISTORY AND CONSTITUTION.

THE SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION was established in 1837, with
 the object of giving to the ASSURED the full benefit of the LOW PREMIUMS hitherto
 confined to a few of the PROPRIETARY OFFICES, while at the same time retaining
 the WHOLE PROFITS for the Policyholders.

Experience has proved that, with economy and careful management, these Pre-
 miums will not only secure greatly LARGER ASSURANCES from the first, but by
 reserving the surplus for those who live to secure the Common Fund from loss, will
 in many cases provide EVENTUAL BENEFITS as large as can be obtained under the
 more usual System of High Premiums.

THE RATES OF PREMIUM are so moderate that at most ages an assurance of
 £1,200 to £1,250 may be secured for the same yearly premium which would
 generally elsewhere assure (with profits) £1,000 only—the difference of £200 or
 £250 being an equivalent to

AN IMMEDIATE AND CERTAIN BONUS OF 20 to 25 PER CENT.

THE WHOLE PROFITS are divided among the Assured on a system at once
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 whose early death there is a loss to the Common Fund.

THE SURPLUS reported at the last investigation (1887) was £1,051,033, of
 which two-thirds were divided among 9,384 Policies. Policies sharing a first time
 (with a few unimportant exceptions) were increased, according to duration and
 class, from 18 to 34 per cent. Policies which had shared at previous investigations
 were increased in all by 30 to 80 per cent. and upwards.

Examples of Premiums for £100 at Death—with Profits.

Age	25	30*	35	40†	45	50	55
During Life	£1 18 1	£2 1 6	£2 6 10	£2 14 9	£3 5 0	£4 1 7	£5 1 11
21 Payments	9 19 6	9 18 4	9 9 2	8 7 5	8 17 6	4 12 1	5 10 2

[The usual non-participating Rates differ little from these Premiums.]

* A person of 30 may secure £1,000 at death by a yearly payment during life of
 £29 15s. This Premium would generally elsewhere secure £800 only, instead of
 £1,000. Or, he may secure £1,000 by £1 yearly payments of 27 13s. 4d.—being
 thus free of payment after age 50.

† At age 40, the Premium ceasing at age 60, is, for £1,000, £33 14s. 2d.—about
 the same as most Offices require during the whole term of life. Before the Premiums
 have ceased, the Policy will have shared in at least one division of profits.

To Professional Men and others, whose income is dependent
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 system is specially recommended.

The Arrangements as to Surrender, Non-Forfeiture, Free Resi-
 dence, Loans on Policies, and Early Payment of Claims, as on all
 other points of practice, are conceived entirely in the interests of
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SUN LIFE OFFICE

BONUS, 1892.

The Managers have the pleasure of announcing that the profits
 belonging to the policy-holders for the period since last valuation
 (viz.: Four-and-a-half years) are again remarkably large, and
 amount, after making ordinary and special reserves of greatly
 increased stringency, to a sum of **£225,850** in cash. This very
 satisfactory sum will be distributed amongst participating policy-
 holders only; and, as evidence of the successful character of the
 management, it may be stated that an aggregate return will thus
 be made of an amount actually in excess of all the loadings charged
 in the premiums for expenses, profits, and contingencies.

This statement, astonishing as it may appear, is nevertheless
 easily proved. The premiums received under participating policies
 during the period were £698,372, and the loadings thereon for ex-
 penses, contingencies, and providing bonuses amounted to £185,027.
 Now these policy-holders are about to be apportioned a sum of
 £225,850, as stated above, in cash bonuses, which returns to them

UPWARDS OF £40,000 IN EXCESS OF THE LOADINGS IMPOSED.

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FIRST FIREWORK DISPLAY OF THE SEASON.
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Grand Spectacular Firework Picture representing the BOMBARDMENT OF CANTON, with British Ships and Chinese Junks in action, concluding with the blowing up of the Forts in the Canton River.
Admission to the Palace, One Shilling.

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DEFENCE OF THE NATIONAL CHURCH. REPRESENTATIVE MEETING OF CHURCHMEN.

TUESDAY, MAY 16, 1893.
10.30. HOLY COMMUNION IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.
12.30. REPRESENTATIVE GATHERING OF CHURCHMEN, consisting of the Houses of Convocation, Houses of Laymen, Elected Churchwardens, in the ALBERT HALL, SOUTH KENSINGTON.
The Speakers will include the Archbishops of CANTERBURY and YORK; the Duke of ARGYLL, K.G.; the Earl of SELBORNE; the Bishops of LONDON, DURHAM, and MANCHESTER; Sir JOHN MOWBRAY, M.P., Professor JEBB, M.P., Mr. R. BOSWORTH SMITH, Mr. CORNWALLIS WESF, and Mr. Alderman PHILLIPS.
The Representatives will occupy the Platform and Amphitheatre.
The whole of the Balcony and Gallery will be free to Churchmen and Churchwomen desirous of joining in the protest.
The Seats in the Arena will be Reserved for Men.
No applications for tickets can be received after Monday morning, May 15. They may be sent forthwith to either of the Hon. Secretaries.
The Rev. H. GRANVILLE DICKSON, M.A., Church Defence Institution, 9 Bridge Street, Westminster, S.W.
Or to SYDNEY W. FLAMANK, Esq., The Church House, Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W.
N.B.—The Doors at the Albert Hall will be opened at 1.30 P.M., and it is earnestly requested that all Ticket-holders will be in their places before 1.15.

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The patients (numbering now about 10,000 in the year) are of both sexes and all ages, from children a month old to adults over 95. Over 461,550 patients have been relieved since the formation of the charity up to the present date.
SUBSCRIPTIONS and DONATIONS will be thankfully received by the Society's Bankers, Lloyd's Bank, Limited, 75 Lombard Street; and by the Secretary at the Institution.
JOHN NORDBURY, Treasurer.
JOHN WHITTINGTON, Secretary.

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Deputy-Chairman—Captain DAVID MAINLAND, F.R.G.S.

The object of this Charity is to give a Home or a Pension to the Merchant Sailor when Old, Destitute, and Friendless.

200 Old Sailors, out of 1,700 Applicants, have enjoyed the benefits of this Charity; but from want of funds the Committee are unable to admit hundreds of necessitous and worthy Candidates, who for Forty years have been at Sea as Seaman, Mate, or Master.

Subscriptions and Donations are urgently needed to reduce this heavy list and to relieve many from destitution.

Office: 54 Fenchurch Street, London, E.C. W. E. DENNY, Secretary.

CONSUMPTION HOSPITAL, BROMPTON.—FUNDS are urgently REQUIRED for the support of this Unendowed Charity. There are now 211 beds in the buildings. Annual Expenses about £24,000, towards which the only fixed income is under £5,000.
HENRY DOBBIN, Secretary.

CITY OF LONDON HOSPITAL for DISEASES of the CHEST, Victoria Park, E.—The Committee earnestly APPEAL for FUNDS to meet the heavy expenses of the winter season.
Office, 31 Finsbury Circus, E.C. T. STORRAR-SMITH, Secretary.

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The new building, for 160 beds, is completed.
Accidents admitted at all hours free.
Special wards for Jewish patients are now opened.
This Hospital is worked on strictly provident principles. Population, one mile radius 280,000.
FUNDS are urgently REQUIRED to supplement the contributions of poor patients. Bankers, Messrs Glyn, Mills, Currie, & Co., and Lloyd's Bank, Limited. Contributions thankfully received and information given at the Hospital, Kingsland Road, E., by CHARLES H. STERN, Secretary.

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The object of this Charity is to receive Orphan Girls from Seven to Twelve Years of Age, without distinction as to Religion, into a "Home" where they can obtain a plain English Education, a practical instruction in the Kitchen, House, and Laundry, to fit them for all Household Duties, and are taught to cut out, make, and mend their own clothes. Over 650 have thus been more or less provided for. There are now nearly 100 on the books. The Building affords ample room for 50 more, but for want of funds they cannot be received.

Children are admitted by election, on payment till elected, on purchase, on presentation, subject to the life of the donor.

A Cot for all time may be had for £450.

The Charity is in

URGENT NEED OF ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS.

Donations, Subscriptions, and Bequests are earnestly solicited, and will be gratefully received by Messrs. HARRIES & Co., Bankers, 16 St. James's Street, and by the SECRETARY, at the Office, 12 Pall Mall, S.W., where all communications should be addressed.

WEMYSS, Chairman.

E. EVANS CRONK, Secretary.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.—The Weekly Board of Governors urgently solicit ADDITIONAL ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS and DONATIONS to enable them to carry on the ever-increasing work of the Hospital.

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5,000 are in industrial homes, to which grants have been made.
7,750 children have been aided by the Boys' Boodle.
Particulars of how the children have been rescued by the other officers of the Children's Aid Society will be sent on application.

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Office, 23 Charing Cross, S.W.

ARTHUR J. S. MADDISON, Secretary.

THE SCHOOL for the INDIGENT BLIND, St. George's Fields, Southwark.

Patron—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

Upwards of 250 Blind People receive the benefits of this Charity. Candidates, totalling blind, between the ages of 7 and 30, are elected by vote of Subscribers, and (free of all costs) are received for about six years, during which they are taught a trade, and to read, write, and cipher; a few having marked ability being trained as Organists. An Annual Subscription of One Guinea entitles the donor to one vote for each vacancy at all elections; Life Subscription 10 Guineas.

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"There is sorrow on the Sea."

NO SHIPWRECK or DISASTER of the SEA can occur without the promptest charitable aid being available for the shipwrecked sailor himself, or the urgent necessities of his desolate widow and orphans, &c., at the hands of the SHIPWRECKED FISHERMEN and MARINERS' ROYAL BENEVOLENT SOCIETY, founded over fifty years, as the National Maritime Relief Organisation of the Empire, with about 1,000 Local Agencies.

Through this National Institution the wrecked survivors are thus instantly cared for on the spot and at once forwarded home; and the bereaved dependents of the drowned immediately sought out and helped in their need. Total relieved, 431,644 persons.

Instituted 1839; Incorporated 1890; under patronage of H.M. the Queen, and presidency of Admiral H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh.

FUNDS are earnestly APPEALED for by the Board of Management. Bankers—Williams, Deacon, & Co. Secretary, W. R. BARK, Esq., Sailors' Home Chambers, Dock Street, London, E.

SPECIAL DISASTER FUND.

This charitable fund, for further essential aid of destitute families of the drowned, is now overdrawn through the recent shipwreck disasters. Contributions to meet the pressing need will be most gratefully received by the Society, and, as usual, disbursed intact for the benefit of the sufferers.

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For Prospects and Views of the College apply to the HEAD-MASTER, or to the SECRETARY, Denstone College, Uttoxeter.

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE.

THIRTEEN SCHOLARSHIPS, varying in value from £30 to £125 a year, together with Four Council Nominations (giving immediate admission), will be competed for in June next. One of these Scholarships (£80) is confined to Candidates not yet members of the School; the rest are open to members of the School and others without distinction; two will be offered for proficiency in Mathematics. Age of Candidates from eleven to seventeen.—Full particulars may be obtained on application to Mr. F. J. LEADER, The College, Marlborough.

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Further particulars from the HEAD-MASTER or SECRETARY, The College, Clifton, Bristol.

RADLEY COLLEGE.—JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIPS, 1893.

Two of £50, one of £30, and one of £40. Examination begins July 13.—For further particulars apply to the Rev. the WARDEN, Radley College, Abingdon.

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.—The ANNUAL EXAMINATION FOR SCHOLARSHIPS will be held on May 30, 31, and June 1. Eleven Scholarships at least of value ranging between £50 and £30 per annum will be awarded. Chief subjects, Classics and Mathematics. Candidates must be under fifteen.—Apply to the SECRETARY, The College, Cheltenham.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—An EXAMINATION, to fill up Vacant SCHOLARSHIPS and EXHIBITIONS, will begin on Tuesday, July 11. For Details apply to the HEAD-MASTER, Dean's Yard, Westminster.

DURHAM SCHOOL.—FOUR JUNIOR and THREE SENIOR SCHOLARSHIPS, varying in value from £25 to £35 a year, will be offered on June 14. One Scholarship will be awarded for Mathematics. Parents must not be in wealthy circumstances. Particulars to be obtained from the HEAD-MASTER.

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The Governors invite applications for the post of HEAD-MASTER of the GRAMMAR SCHOOL. He must be a Graduate of Oxford, Cambridge, or London University, and must give his personal attention to the duties of the School, but need not be in holy orders. Salary—fixed yearly stipend of £150, allowance for residence £100 (subject to the consent of the Charity Commissioners), and a capitation grant of £1 a-year for each boy in the school. Applications, with not more than four testimonials, must be sent to the undersigned on or before June 3, 1893. Personal canvassing will disqualify. For further particulars and form of application apply (by letter only), to the Clerk to the Governors, St. Olave's Grammar School, Tooley Street, S.E. FRANK E. LEMON, Esq., M.A.

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